The Saturday Evening Post

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SLEEPING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELLA WHEELER.

Down where the winds with the willows are playing,
And the violet covers her face with the grasses
And silently weeps—
Where the babbling brook through the meadow is straying,
And the humming-bird murmurs a chant as he passes,
My Kathleen sleeps.

She hears not the winds that are wailing and sobbing,
She hears not the voice of the meadow-lark calling,
She lieth so low;
Of the fond hearts above her in agony throbbing,
Of the eyes that are wet and the tears that are falling,
She never can know.

I kneel with my face in the blossoming clover,
But vainly I call her—she lies all unheeding,
Her sleep is so sound;
She makes no reply, though I lean fondly over
And pray for one word—in agony pleading
Above the green mound.

She hears not, she sees not; and what does it matter?
I weep and I mourn, but life is not forever—
The end comes at last;
And the willow shall wave, and the summer shall scatter
Its blossoms above where I sleep, waking never,
Forgetting the Past.

Westport, Wis.

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

In one of the London Missionary Society's publications, there is an account of the labors of a most devoted missionary lady in India, Mrs. Mullens. She died not long since. Very interesting accounts are given of incidents which occurred in her missionary life. Among them is a narrative of her being visited by a lady, a native of India, who for years and years was a seeker after truth. The picture here given illustrates the meeting of this person with Mrs. Mullens. The account from which we copy says: "Friday, the 28th June, while Mrs. Mullens was sitting alone, taking a hasty breakfast, a singular letter was put into her hands. It bore unmistakable marks of being from a native, though it was anonymous. It ran thus: 'Madam, I have taken the liberty of introducing to you the bearer of this. She is a Brahmin widow, and belongs to a most respectable and wealthy family at B——. She has visited all the chief shrines of Hindooism, seeking rest for her soul, and finding none. For rest she now turns to Christianity. Madam, will you receive her into your asylum? Will you teach her what truth is? I will add one word for your encouragement. There are other widows besides this one; ay, and there are married women, too, who are restless in, and dissatisfied with, their own religion. They wish for something better.

"'Yours, Truth-lover and Truth-seeker.'"

Thus, it will be seen, that seekers after Truth, are found under all skies—and what can be nobler than to be an honest seeker after Truth?

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.*

A TERRIBLE FEAR.

A brilliant day in June. In the sweet summer-room facing the north, so grateful to the sight and senses in blazing weather, sat the four daughters of George Canterbury. Mrs. Dunn was in deep black robes and a widow's cap. The others had assumed slight mourning, and wore muslins.

It was some days now since Mrs. Dunn had arrived at the Rock, purposing to make a long visit. They had been pressing her to do it ever since her husband's death, but the settlement of his affairs had kept her in town. She was left (as she considered) very badly off. Mr. Dunn, who was member for the county when Lydia Canterbury married him, was not a rich man. He had something to do with iron; his wife never took the trouble to ascertain precisely what; and a great portion of his interest in the business, whatever it might be, went from him at his death. Mrs. Dunn would have about twelve or fourteen hundred a-year; it was nothing compared with what she expected to inherit from her father, nothing to the fabulous wealth of the Rock. So Lydia Dunn considered herself hardly used by Fortune, and wondered how she should exist.

She was three or four years younger than her sister Olive, and a plain likeness of her. A less tall figure, and without Olive's majesty, with more than a tendency to plumpness, which Olive had not. Her hair was of the same beautiful shade of purple-black; her features wanted the refined grace of Olive's, while they displayed the resolution. Mrs. Dunn was positive, out-spoken, very fond of domineering; Olive, quietly resolute, was full of gracious courtesy. Rumor went—it was impossible to know whether it spoke truth—that Mr. Dunn had ventured to address Miss Canterbury first, and, upon finding out his mistake, had transferred his hopes to Lydia.

Whether that might have been the case or not, one fact was certain—Lydia knew nothing of it. If any such thing had passed, it was confined to Miss Canterbury's own breast, and Lydia married Mr. Dunn in peace. The very large fortune to which the Miss Canterburys were heiresses caused them to be marks for suitors—great prizes to be shot for. High and low alike cast a longing eye on them; but the consciousness that this must inevitably be the case caused the Miss Canterburys to be exceedingly inaccessible. It was not that they would have made their riches any bar, but the fear lest those riches were the attraction, and not themselves, lay more or less upon their minds always. Fifteen curates in all, during the last half-dozen years, had laid themselves and their gowns at the feet of one or other of the heiresses at the Rock—worthy men, no doubt, but not quite free from suspicion as to motives. Jane and Leta were wont to wish, to some extent in earnest, that they had been born portionless.

The window was thrown open to the steady north landscape lying around in its beauty, with its subdued light, its welcome shade. On this side the park was not extensive, a mere strip, and beyond it lay the green fields that would lead by a cross-road to Aberton. At the end of this first field—a large one, and divided by a fence, with a stile in the middle—was situated the dwelling of Mrs. Kage. June roses, lilies, sweet-scented flowers of many colors, threw up their perfume from the beds immediately underneath the windows, imbuing the atmosphere of the room with sweetness. It was the young ladies' favorite sitting-room. Not a show-room by any means, though the pictures on the delicately-papered walls were of value, and the furniture was of costly green-and-gold, but rather an *undress* room, in which they worked and read and played and talked, and might make an untidy litter at will.

Olive and Jane were busy to-day—the one cutting out work for the charity-school, the other tacking the pieces together. Staid, steady, well-conducted ladies, the Miss Canterburys directed the schools judiciously, and other parish benefits, of which they were the chief supporters. Mrs. Dunn sat back in an easy-chair near the window, doing nothing, as usual—all the industry she possessed lay in her tongue; and Millicent was at the piano trying a new piece very softly and quietly.

"That is wrong, I am sure, Leta."

It was Mrs. Dunn who spoke, in the quick, abrupt way very usual with her. She was the only really good musician of the family; her taste for it was innate, and something or other in the playing had grated on her correct ear.

Leta played to the end of the page, and then rose from the piano. Conscious of her own inferior skill, she did not often care to try new pieces before Mrs. Dunn.

"I have played an hour," she remarked, "and Olive tells me that is quite long enough at one time."

Going to a writing-table, Leta opened one of the desks there, her own, with the intention of beginning a letter to Miss Annesley. Putting the writing-paper before her, she suddenly remembered that some information concerning parish interests, which Sarah had asked for, was not yet obtained.

"Oh, dear! I can't write until to-morrow," cried Leta. "Lydia, what sort of people are they where she is gone?"

"Where who is gone?" naturally demanded Mrs. Dunn, who could not be supposed to see into her sister's thoughts.

"Sarah Annesley."

"I dont' know what you mean by 'sort.' Mrs. Annesley is a widow, with a flighty young daughter. Quite middle-class people, living quietly with three maid-servants in Paradise-terrace—near to old Mrs. Garston's, you know. They are rather friendly with her."

"I wish Mrs. Garston had invited Sarah," spoke Leta earnestly. "She might as well; she took a wonderful liking for her when we were at Little Bay last autumn. Middle-class people! I don't suppose Sarah will be very happy there."

"Now don't you run away with wrong notions, Miss Millicent," sharply rejoined Mrs. Dunn. "The Annesleys are gentle-people, and know what's what. In calling them middle-class, I alluded to their moderate house and style of living. My late husband's brother, Richard Dunn, is intimate there. As to Sarah Annesley, she is not the first of us who has had to bend to adverse circumstances; look at me, left with nothing a-year!"

Leta bent her face to hide a smile. Mrs. Dunn's grievance of her "nothing a-year" had become a joke between the other sisters. Leta toyed with her writing-paper; it was tiresome to sit down to her desk, and then find that it was to no purpose.

"Olive," she said, looking up, "may I write a note to ask Caroline Kage to come here for the day?"

Miss Canterbury made no reply. She was puzzled over her work just then, counting pieces. Millicent deferred to her as she would to a mother.

"This is wrong, Jane. Nine pairs of sleeves, and only eight pairs of gussets: you must have miscounted.—What was it you asked me, Leta?"

"If I may send for Caroline Kage."

"Caroline Kage is always here," interrupted Mrs. Dunn. "She was here to tea yesterday, and to luncheon the day before; and for the whole morning, with her mother, the day before that. You had better have her to live here, Millicent."

The words were delivered with so much acrimony that Millicent looked at Mrs. Dunn in pure astonishment. Miss Canterbury, her interest buried in the gussets and sleeves, did not notice the tone, though she heard the words.

"That is just what Millicent would like—to have her to live here, Lydia," Olive said with a smile.

"Ah!" returned Lydia, flicking her broad-hemmed handkerchief at a wasp that seemed inclined to enter.

"Caroline Kage is very pleasant, Lydia; we all like her," put in Jane.

"A pretty, good-natured sort of girl; not much in her," somewhat slightingly remarked Miss Canterbury.

"If she were one of earth's young-lady angels, her constant intrusion would be irksome," returned Mrs. Dunn. "The Chinese have a proverb, 'Pay your visits only on alternate days, lest by continual going you weary your friends and they become estranged from you.' It is full of wisdom."

"Intrusion!" exclaimed Millicent, disregarding the proverb.

"Yes, intrusion," decisively repeated Mrs. Dunn.

"But, Lydia, we are pleased to have her."

Jane Canterbury lifted her scissors from the calico, and turned round to address Mrs. Dunn.

"The fact is, Lydia, they have grown thus intimate from Leta's want of other companions. We are older than she is, and have different interests. The Kages are our nearest neighbors, you know, and she and Caroline have been so much together that an affection has sprung up between them."

Mrs. Dunn lost some of her angry look.

"Ever the same, Jane; smoothing down difficulties for everybody. But I do think it is time you left off that unmeaning word, 'Leta:' I assure you it does not contribute to Millicent's dignity."

"I don't think it does," smiled Jane. "But it is a long-used habit; just as is the coming here of Caroline Kage; and every-day habits are hard to relinquish."

"May I write, Olive?" resumed Millicent, who had sat with her pen in hand and paper before her, breaking the silence that had ensued.

Mrs. Dunn made a gesture of impatience; and her words, for she spoke before Olive, were impatiently uttered.

"Caroline Kage is better where she is than here. Let her be."

"Yes, yes," decided Olive hastily, considering that Mrs. Dunn, both as a married woman and as a visitor, should be especially deferred to; "we will not have Caroline to-day, Millicent."

Millicent slowly closed her writing-desk, and then leaned her elbow upon it and her cheek upon her hand, her face plainly expressing disappointment. She was sincerely attached to Caroline; and it might be—it might be, that she hungered for a word of news of Thomas Kage. Never once, since that visit of his at Easter, when he had dined at the Rock, had his name passed Caroline's lips. Before that period she had been always speaking of him. Caroline herself had seemed changed since; the once light, trifling girl had become thoughtful and silent. Once, and once only, Leta had taken courage to ask after Mr. Kage: "We know nothing of him," was Caroline's short answer.

The door opened, and Mr. Canterbury put his head in, as if asking permission to enter. The room belonged so exclusively to his daughters that he seemed to think he had no right in it uninvited.

"Come in, papa."

There was a change in Mr. Canterbury. The head, growing so thin of hair at the top, was now surmounted by an auburn wig of curly luxuriance, almost as natural as though it grew there. An eye-glass dangled on his waistcoat; his morning-clothes were cut in the most approved style of a fashionable London tailor. In fact, Mr. Canterbury would have looked like a young dandy had he not been an old man.

"I think I shall ride into Aberton, Olive. Have you any commands?"

"Thank you, papa; no. Not this morning."

"Is your head better, Lydia?" he inquired of Mrs. Dunn, who had complained of headache at breakfast.

"It aches still, papa; I have had it a good deal lately. I think these hot caps help to give it to me," she added, pushing her widow's cap back on her head.

"Why do you wear them, then?"

"Oh, well, papa, you know it is the custom. Had I not followed it, people would have been found to say I had not cared for my husband."

"I should not let what such people could say trouble me," sensibly remarked Mr. Canterbury.—"You look as if you had the headache, also," he added to Millicent, his gaze falling on her.

"No, I have not," said she, rousing herself, and rising from her seat.

"What's the matter, then?"

"Not much, papa."

"Not much! What is it?"

"I only felt disappointed," explained Leta shortly, a little vexed at having to confess it.

"What at?" persisted Mr. Canterbury, who did not like to see his daughters' faces clouded, especially hers, who had been in a degree the plaything of them all—Leta.

"I wanted to write for Caroline Kage to come and spend the day here, and Olive will not let me."

"Caroline Kage is here too much; she inundates us," sharply interrupted Mrs. Dunn in a voice of authority. "Not a day since I came home have we been free from Caroline Kage. Seven days I have been here, and seven visits, some of them lasting for hours, we have had of that girl's! It is unreasonable."

There was a pause; Mr. Canterbury broke it. Leta, feeling uncomfortable at having caused the unpleasantness, went and stood at the window.

"Why do you dislike her, Lydia?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't dislike her, papa," returned Mrs. Dunn, suppressing her irritation badly; "but I consider that she is here too much."

"Here is Caroline herself, coming up?" exclaimed Millicent.

Miss Kage was advancing underneath the window then; they heard her voice as she looked up and spoke to Leta. Mr. Canterbury, about to quit the room, turned, with his hand on the door.

"Then, as she is here, you can ask her to stay for the day," he said, looking at Olive. "Why not? I do not like to see Millicent with a sad face," he concluded, as if accounting for his decision.

Mr. Canterbury met Miss Kage in the hall, and two or three minutes elapsed before she came to the room—alone; a remarkably pretty girl this morning, in her pink muslin dress, and a white bonnet as light and airy as herself.

"You have come to save us the trouble of sending for you, Caroline," spoke Millicent, forgetting vexation in the exuberance of her spirits. "We want you to remain the day."

"I cannot remain ten minutes," replied Miss Kage. "Many thanks."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" exclaimed Millicent. "Ten minutes, Caroline! where was the use of your coming at all?"

"I came for mamma. She has had one of those tiresome letters again, and sent me with it to Mr. Canterbury. I have given it to him."

"But why can you not remain?"

"Because my cousin has just arrived on one of his flying visits, and I must go back home."

"What cousin?" asked Olive.

"Thomas Kage."

"Caroline," said Jane, archly, "I fancy that cousin of yours has some other motive than cousinship in these flying visits of his."

Miss Kage tossed her head; she had caught Jane's meaning aptly. It was some weeks now since she had resolved to put old feelings behind her, to regard them as though they had never been.

"What an idea, Miss Jane! Certainly not. Thomas Kage is grave as a judge, and poor as any church mouse. You are quite wrong. As if I would encourage *him!*"

The vivid blush rising on her face faded away to a death-like paleness. Leta Canterbury, shaded by the curtain, saw it, and wondered.

"You might tolerate a worse," said Mrs. Dunn, in her strong tones, the first words she had spoken. "Thomas Kage is one of the worthies of created men."

"Is he?" rejoined Caroline, with a painful effort to be careless. "He is very poor."

"I don't care whether he is poor or rich; you'll not find another like him, search the world through."

Olive turned round. She could not understand her sister Lydia this morning, and felt thoroughly ashamed of her sharp rudeness.

"Will you spend to-morrow with Leta, my dear?" she said, pleasantly, to Caroline.

"Yes, thank you, Miss Canterbury. I shall be very glad."

She wished them good-morning, and departed. Leta went to the end of the room, and began to sort some silks for her embroidery. Olive and Jane remained at their useful work over the table.

"What brought her up with that letter?" abruptly cried Mrs. Dunn, turning her chair from the window, so as to face her sisters.

Their surprise increased. Lydia had always been fond of setting the world to rights, and interfering in what did not concern her; but this acrimonious turn of mind was something new.

"Caroline said Mrs. Kage sent her with the letter," replied Jane, meekly. "Poor Mrs. Kage has had some troublesome law-business to contend with lately, and papa advises her upon it, Lydia."

"Law-business?" retorted Lydia, with an angry scoff.

"Law-business of some nature: I don't

*Parts here and there of the continuation of this story may possibly be recognized by the reader as having appeared many years ago.

understand it. How lovely Caroline was looking this morning!"

"And how well she dresses!" remarked Olive. "Those lace-sleeves were real Brussels. I wonder how they manage it?"

"I mean, what brought *her* up with it?" continued Mrs. Dunn, tapping her foot with impatience. "Why could Mrs. Kage not have sent it by a servant?"

"I daresay Caroline was glad to bring it herself. What has put you out, Lydia?"

Mrs. Dunn did not say. She took up a book and began to read. But she seemed to grow restless: now turning the leaves forward, now backward, as if her mind or her temper would not get straight.

"I have no green of the right shade," cried Leta, looking up from her silks. "May I go out for it, Olive?"

"Where to?—Chilling? You would never get it there."

"I think I might; it is the dark green. At least I can try, Olive, if you have no objection."

"None at all. You can carry some of this work to the school at the same time."

A small bundle was made up and given to Leta, when she came in with her things on. Mrs. Dunn, whose restlessness seemed on the increase, presently flung her book down, and stood at the window, fanning her hot and angry face. Suddenly she put up her hands to shade her eyes, as if looking at something, and then turned with a hasty movement to open the doors of an ornamental cabinet.

"Where is the glass that used to be kept here?"

"The small telescope, do you mean, Lydia? Poor Edgar took it out with him one day just before he died, and lost it."

"The large one, then?"

"O—that? I don't know where that is," slowly added Miss Canterbury. "Somewhere in papa's possession, I fancy."

"The house seems quite upset since I left it—nothing to be found," muttered Mrs. Dunn, taking up her post at the window again. "As to me, I am more near-sighted than ever."

"Did you want to discern anything?" asked Jane, kindly, leaving her seat to join Mrs. Dunn. "Perhaps I can see it for you."

"Look at those two in the distance, leaning—as it seems to me—on a stile, and talking. Is not one of them papa?"

"Yes," said Jane, casting her good sight to the spot. "Papa and—yes, and Caroline Kage. I can see her pink dress. He has gone after her, I daresay, to send a message to her mother about the letter."

"And perhaps to repeat my invitation for to-morrow," added Olive, "though he does not know of it."

"Or to inquire why she cannot remain to-day," said Jane, returning to her work. "Papa is ever thinking for us."

"You blind geese! you simple women!" exclaimed Mrs. Dunn, in an accent of earnestness so impassioned that they dropped what they held, and gazed at her in startled alarm. "Is it possible that your eyes and understanding have been closed?" she continued, flinging herself back in the arm-chair. "Olive, where have yours been? Jane is meek and unsuspicious; Millicent is young; but you! Olive, are you quite blind, quite oblivious to what is going on?"

"What *is* going on?" demanded Olive, when her astonishment allowed her to speak.

"It is a sin and a shame that you should need to ask."

Olive Canterbury felt just a little aggrieved at being thus called to account by her younger sister; she, the efficient mistress. She waited to draw a thread in the linen, and then spoke with calm impassibility.

"What is it that you detect amiss? I look closely after the household in all requisite things."

"More closely than you will look in future; more closely than you will have the opportunity of doing. You will not be long the house's mistress."

"Indeed!" said Olive. "Jane, give me the large scissors."

"Olive! Olive! you are treating me as if I were a simpleton. Jane, put down that wretched work, and listen; I am in earnest. I say that Olive will not much longer be here the ruler."

She did seem in earnest. Nevertheless, they thought her intellects must be wandering. Jane let her delicate hands drop idly on the work. Her ideas had taken a curious turn: she could only think the words applied to Olive's possible death.

"What is it that you are fearing, Lydia? Olive is quite well. She always looks pale in hot weather."

"Oh, you—you idiots!" returned Mrs. Dunn, wringing her hands; "was there ever blindness like unto yours? It is not Olive that there's anything the matter with, but your father. He is turning foolish in his old age. He is going to put a mistress over you."

They were, indeed, blindly unsuspicious. "A mistress!" slowly repeated Miss Canterbury, not yet understanding.

"Yes, a mistress; for the house and for you. A second wife."

A pause of moments: it needed that to take in the sense of the words. Jane's face, generally so calm, became painfully agitated. Olive turned red with indignation. Her well-balanced mind refused to believe a word of the assertion.

"Lydia, I did not think you were capable of saying this."

"But if it be true? And I tell you that it *is*. Your father has fixed upon a second wife as surely as that we sit here."

"Of whom can you be thinking?" asked Miss Canterbury, slightly perplexed, as her thoughts went out to the neighborhood and home again. "Of Mrs. Kage?"

"No. I wish it was: it would be the less evil of the two. It is the girl—Caroline."

"Oh, Lydia!" was simultaneously uttered, in resentful incredulity.

Mrs. Dunn rose from her seat again: she seized Olive with one hand, Jane with the other, and pulled them towards the window.

"Are they gone? No, not yet. I can see the figures, indistinct figures to me. To Jane they are plain; perhaps to you also, Olive. They are talking still."

"And if they are," said the angry Olive, "what does that prove? If papa chooses to stand talking to a child, and to talk all day long, what is there in that?"

"Not much—in that alone: he might so stand talking to me or to you. You have no cause to be angry with me, Olive: you will find it too true. I had my suspicions the very first day of my return."

The bare idea in itself, apart from its possible truth, that Mrs. Dunn's words presented to these ladies, was exceedingly unpleasant and unpalatable; it might not be too much to say repulsive. In spite of their hitherto complete unconsciousness, a miserable feeling arose in either heart, as they stood looking at the figures in the distance.

"A child like Caroline Kage!" remonstrated Miss Canterbury, determined to combat to the end.

"There's the worst of the evil—a child," said Mrs. Dunn. "Had he married one of his own age, or near to it, it would not have been so bad for us; it would have been more seemly in every way. Though what on earth he can want to marry at all for, after being a widower all those years, I cannot tell."

Jane's eyes were full of tears.

"It is not likely that it can be true, Lydia; it is not probable. How can you have formed so strange a notion?"

"Just as you might have formed it, had scales not been over your sight. The most extraordinary events take place under people's noses every day, and they cannot see them. This was your case. I came fresh into the house, with my eyes and understanding wide awake, and I saw it all."

"Saw what? What is there to see?" persisted Miss Canterbury, in as irritable a tone as Mrs. Dunn herself might have used—she, the ever-gracious woman.

"Various little points, which, taken together, make an ominous whole," was the answer. "Though you might say that this was nothing, and that was nothing, looked at separately."

The figures at the stile had parted now, and Mr. Canterbury was on his way back again. Some other gentleman, who had come up to the spot, was walking on with Caroline.

"When I got here a week ago, and papa came out to the carriage to see me, I was so struck by his appearance, that for a moment I could not greet him," said Mrs. Dunn. "Where was there so negligent a man in regard to dress as he used to be? He had on a white waistcoat; his white wristbands were displayed; and an eyeglass hung from an invisible chain. When did he ever put on a white waistcoat in the daytime? or show the ghost of a wristband? or discard his spectacles for an eyeglass?"

"I think he took to show his wristbands when he was in mourning for Edgar," interposed Jane.

"I don't care when he took to show them. Not then; or, if he did, he left it off again: it is a new thing now. Everything's new about him, and it must have a purpose," argued Mrs. Dunn.

There was a most uncomfortable silence.

"And his wig!" resumed Mrs. Dunn. "Was there ever such a dandified thing seen? Look at it!"

"The top of his head was getting so bald: that's why he took to a wig," spoke Jane in a low tone.

"Rubbish!" said Mrs. Dunn. "He'd no more have cared for his bald head, when there was only you to look at it, than he'd have cared for flying. Have it, if you like, that he did wish for a wig: need we have gone and bought a thing only fit for a turning dummy in a hairdresser's window—a top-knot of perfumed curls?"

"We did say it was too young for papa the first morning he came down to breakfast in it," murmured Jane.

"He has had his three teeth put in," pursued Mrs. Dunn.

"They were out," said Jane.

"They had been out nearly as long as I can remember; certainly before mamma died. Why should he have taken a sudden freak to have them put in now, after all these years? He'll be putting rouge on his cheeks next: they say some men do it."

"Lydia, I will not have you speak so of your father," reproved Olive, her feelings stung to the quick.

"Very well; I'll let him alone. Turn to Caroline Kage. Do you suppose she comes here, so persistently, for you girls?—dresses up her pretty face in smiles for your benefit? Why does papa stand by when she is singing? Why does he laugh, and joke, and whisper—I have seen him whisper to her—and why does he walk home with her in an evening, as he nearly always does?"

"I believe that he has only paid her these attentions as he might pay them to any other child—paid them partly because she is a child," stoutly spoke Olive.

"Has he!" sarcastically retorted Mrs. Dunn.

"It never ocurred to me to think otherwise, Lydia."

"Well, does it occur to you now—now that the clue has been given?"

Miss Canterbury did not answer. The clue, as Mrs. Dunn called it, was forcing its way to terrible conviction, in spite of her assumption of disbelief. Jane felt wretched, and stood with a blank face of distress.

"That you have helped this on, perhaps even led to it wholly, by having her here so much, is certain," said Mrs. Dunn, with the air of one who has received a deep injury. "How you could have been so obtuse I cannot imagine, when the very first hour I saw them together was enough for me."

"You have had so much more experience than we have; you have been out in the world," urged Jane, deprecatingly. "And I think, Lydia, that being married must tend to enlarge the understanding, and give experience of mankind."

"It just does," emphatically pronounced Mrs. Dunn; "if you mean as to their tricks and turns. As long as we are girls at home, the men seem to us like so many saints, who could not go wrong if they were paid for it; but that delusion wears off uncommonly quick, I can tell you, when we go out amongst them. I don't complain of *my* late husband; he was a good one personally; but I learnt a little as to men in general."

How all this grated on the ears of Miss Canterbury, she alone could have told. Not for many a long year had such a burden of dread taken up its seat within her.

"Oh, Lydia, I trust—I trust you are mistaken!" escaped from her full heart. "Or at least, if not, that the mischief may be averted."

"Mistaken I am not, Olive; but as to averting it, that's another thing. I do not say matters have gone so far as to prevent that," continued Mrs. Dunn, somewhat qualifying her former hasty words. "Papa has got an idea in his head, for certain, as to Caroline Kage; but he may not commit himself to irredeemable folly."

"Here he is, coming through the gate," observed Jane.

They looked at him, one and all, as he turned in from the park to the grounds, and bore round for the front of the house, where his groom was waiting with the horses, withdrawing themselves a little from the window as they gazed. Mr. Canterbury was presented to their view in a new and curious aspect. Not but that *he* was the same; only their ideas in regard to him had undergone a change.

"God help us all, if it should be so!" fervently aspirated Olive under her breath.

Oh wily Mrs. Kage? It was she who had brought about this undesirable consummation of things; for Lydia Dunn was not mistaken. Coming fresh upon the scene, with all her wits about her, vividly open to all impressions, she had seen what the lookers-on had failed to detect even by the smallest suspicion.

Casting about for a desirable establishment for her daughter, Mrs. Kage had laid covetous eyes on the Rock. It's true it had its disadvantages—she could not conceal that from herself; but think of its wealth! Mr. Canterbury had long left sixty behind him, and his grown-up children, all of them older than Caroline, were fixtures in the house. But with a fortune such as his, what might not be overlooked? she mentally argued. Certainly all minor difficulties. And if Caroline could only be persuaded— At this point of her weaving, Mrs. Kage invariably lost the thread.

The web was begun and grew. Perhaps Mrs. Kage and Mr. Canterbury went in for nearly an equal share in its work; though the lady was undoubtedly the primary originator, and set it on a-weaving. Fortune sometimes favors these schemes, as if the goddess herself were an arch-plotter: and it was the case here. Mrs. Kage got into some legal difficulty touching a good sum of money sought to be charged upon the very small property she had inherited from her sister. Thomas Kage would have been the right man to apply to—he could have set it right in no time; but Mrs. Kage shrank from his very name; for that Caroline was wilful enough to care for him as she would never care for anyone else, Mrs. Kage had become convinced of at Easter. No; anyone rather than him; and Mrs. Kage contrived to find another, and to kill two birds with one stone. She consulted Mr. Canterbury. That gentleman, possessing about as much legal acumen as one of the deer in his own park, but considering himself equal to the best lawyer going, was both ready and willing to be consulted, and went into the affair with energy. It involved many visits to Mrs. Kage, where he was always plunged amidst the fascinations of Caroline, who was not slow to exercise them. It involved visits back to Mr. Canterbury; letters to be shown, fresh thoughts and fears to be verbally told; and Caroline was generally chosen for the messenger. This bore rapid fruit. When elderly gentlemen fall into an attachment of this kind, they do it in a great hurry, as if time were coming to an end before the year were out; and Mr. Canterbury served for an exemplification. Caroline was as wise as he: before the man had advanced farther than thinking her a sweet, lovable, charming girl, and showing in manner that he thought it, she saw what kind of an end was to supervene. If she did not positively encourage his admiration, she certainly never repelled it; but she saw it needed no specific encouragement. In the coquetry of a light-minded woman—and Caroline had it and exercised it in abundance—she was content to be made covert love to, to feed Mr. Canterbury's growing dreams, and to let the future take care of itself. Whether she should accept Mr. Canterbury, when the time came for a decision, and become mistress of the Rock and its wide revenues; or whether she should laugh prettily, and stare at him with wide-open eyes of wondering simplicity while she rejected him, Caroline was unable to foresee, and did not care to think. Ever and anon a vision came over her of Thomas Kage's making his unexpected appearance at Chilling, with the news that he had dropped into a large fortune through some old relative or friend (Mrs. Garston, say,) who had conveniently died, and asking her, Caroline, to share it with him. So wildly would her bosom throb with its momentary rapture, that she had to press her hands there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 4, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 20 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

CLUBS.—Those who design raising Clubs for THE POST for the ensuing year, should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great, that there probably will be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained, (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper may not be delayed.

AMUSING LETTER.

We think our readers will be a little amused in reading the following letter from Miss Catherine E. Beecher. It is apparently so very innocent—and reads as if it might have come from some young lady who had lived in the woods all her life, and did not know that certain penalties invariably attended not only greatness, but even notoriety:

PETTY SLANDERS.

To the Honorable Conductors of the Public Press:

Gentlemen: I have the greatest respect for your profession, and am pained by whatever tends to lessen its respectability and usefulness. I therefore beg leave to bring to your notice a matter which is both a private grievance and an injury to your calling.

I refer to the increasing circulation of falsehoods and slanders, especially as they bear on the private feelings and interests of my sex. To illustrate this, allow me to state some of my own experiences within a very short time, premising the fact that slurs and falsehoods on honored and dear friends are often more painful than personal injuries.

Among many other false and discreditable stories circulated of my venerated father, I have again and again at different periods read in the newspapers that at an appointed meeting he went through all the services, of reading psalms, the prayers and the preaching, when only one man was present, who was converted by this absurd performance. Again, and quite recently, I read a long account in various newspapers of the details of an abrupt courtship, which were as false to his well-known character for delicacy and discretion as they were to that of the lady thus implicated. Again, I read of one of my brothers, who, at his son's ordination, charged him not to forget that he was the grandson of his grandfather, the son of his father, and the nephew of his uncle; which foolish speech, I believe, was made, but by another person, and not by my brother.

Again, I read a version of an old Almanac story that amused our family circle in childhood, of a coarse and irreverent minister, who began his sermon with saying "It is damned hot!" and that stale anecdote was fastened on another brother, and discussed week after week, as to its probable truth, although publicly denied by him, while every attendant at his church will affirm its impossible occurrence.

Then, I read that my sister, owning a place in Florida, had lost it for want of proper land-title; and again, that all her orange crop was blasted; and again, that she had changed her opinion of the negro character and concluded them to be utterly worthless. These are but a small portion of the falsehoods freely circulated in the public press of only one family circle, and it is but one specimen of the manner in which very many other family friends are annoyed, and often wounded, by such violation of the rules of common courtesy and justice by a portion of the public press. At the same time, the effect of such things on the character of the press of our country is most unfortunate; so much so that it is fast becoming a proverb that what is found in newspapers is as likely to prove false as true.

The most recent outrage of this kind toward my family friends is one for which legal redress is provided for men, but from which a sensitive woman is debarred. This is a falsehood current in connection with the criticisms on a new work by my sister, Mrs. Stowe, and myself, "The American Woman's Home," in which we appear as teachers of domestic duties and economy in all departments; and is a direct public attack upon what I may call the professional reputation of my sister. In the very introduction of the book it is stated that the authors were trained in early life by mothers and an aunt, who united an extraordinary combination of domestic talents and experience. Add to this the fact that the sister whose domestic character has been assailed has not only had the appropriate training, but has both talent and taste for domestic employments, and resorts to them as a pleasure and relief from literary labor, so that in no case is she necessarily a dependent on servile caprices. When resident in foreign lands, her interest and quick perceptions added to her home acquisitions, so that her easy and well-appointed housekeeping is often a subject of admiring remark to her friends and visitors.

What, then, must be the feelings of her family and personal friends, who know her sensibility in regard to domestic reputation, and her desire to remove the common impression that literary tastes and domestic labor are incompatible or uncongenial, to find, as I have done, in respectable papers, some of them called "religious," such statements as that "Mrs. Stowe is just the poorest housekeeper in America, so that poor Mrs. Howe is a model in comparison," (thus throwing, perhaps, quite as undeserved a slur upon another lady, with the added *quasi* concession worse than the original statement), that "knowing how to do a thing does not imply ability to do it, and in this instance, what one sister cannot do the other can and does." This is applied to one of the authors of a work that aims to elevate domestic duties to the honor given to other sciences far less important; while the authors' profits are devoted to promote the domestic and industrial training of American women. Of course its influence is destructive both to the sale and the good influence of this work.

When a woman becomes an author, her writings are a proper subject for just criticism; but this gives no warrant to enter domestic privacy; and the American woman's home, whatever are her defects and weaknesses, should always be her safe castle of retreat and defence.

If a man finds his professional or business character assailed in the public prints, he can resort to a legal redress; but to a sensitive and delicate woman no such remedy is afforded. Her only chance for protection is the just and honorable feelings of the conductors of the public press, and to them I appeal for redressal of this wrong, by requesting an insertion of this in their columns,

Very respectfully

CATHARINE E. BEECHER.

New York, August 14, 1869.

We think the above so "rich," that we cheerfully insert it, gratis, notwithstanding the excellent advertisement it contains of the "new work"—which we had never heard of, so far as our recollection serves us—but which no doubt is a very good one.

We do not think, however, the Press quite as bad in the way of circulating and endorsing slanders as Miss Beecher supposes—especially the graver, baser sort of slanders. For instance, in a recent case, where a vile charge, almost entirely unsupported by proof, was made by an influential lady against a great poet, and also against his sister, a woman of hitherto unspotted fame, it was met by the American Press with almost an universal burst of contempt and indignation. Let this be told to the honor of our Press, wherever its many minor faults are mentioned.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS. Complete. By VICTOR HUGO. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. Price $1.25.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL, No. 5. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada. Price 50 cents.

THE WOMAN IN RED. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bro., Philada.

DIOMEDE. From the Iliad of Homer. By WILLIAM R. SMITH. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York.

FIFTY MILLIONS; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF HORTENSE MANCINI. By the Countess DASH. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

THACKERAY'S WORKS. A Shabby Genteel Story. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. The September number is now published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. The September number is received from the publishers, A. Roman & Co., New York and San Francisco.

A Romance in Russian Life.

A curious incident in real life has recently transpired at Moscow. About twenty-one years ago an infant, only a few months old, was intrusted to a peasant woman in a country village near Moscow, with instructions to bring it up along with her own children, a sufficient sum of money being deposited for its maintenance. These instructions were faithfully carried out, and the child grew up into a fine, healthy boy, remarkable for quickness and intelligence. The lad gleaned only a partial knowledge of his early history from the gossip of the villagers, but was still at fault respecting the name and condition of his parents, his adopted father and mother being as ignorant on these points as himself. When about fifteen years old, the money for his support being expended, the youth proceeded to Moscow and took service with a merchant. He displayed unusual capacity, and was rewarded by promotion and increased pay. From his salary he saved a small capital, and at the end of six years set up a shop and began business on his own account. The youthful proprietor, stationed behind his counter, awaited nervously the advent of his customers. Two or three casual purchasers drop in in quest of various trifles; and after them comes a matronly but still handsome lady, simply and tastefully attired. She looks attentively at the young dealer for a moment, and then calls him by name. "That is my name, Madame," answered our hero, somewhat surprised at this ceremonious commencement. "When and where were you born?" pursues the unknown in an imperious tone of voice, as if conducting a judicial examination. "At Ivanovo, twenty-one years ago," responds the youth, with some uneasiness, inwardly wondering whether he can have got himself into any political scrape, or whether his fair interlocutor is merely amusing herself at his expense. "Are your father and mother still alive?" continues the questioner, with agitation.

"I cannot tell. Of my father I know nothing, and my mother, they tell me, gave me out to nurse when I was only a few months old. I never saw her to remember her." "But would you not be glad to meet her again?" inquires the incognito, growing pale. "What makes you ask that?" says the young man in an altered voice, catching, it may be, a glimpse of the truth for the first time. "Ah, Vaska!" breaks out the unknown lady, catching him in her arms; "I know you, though you don't know me. I am your mother, and have been looking for you this long time. Come home with me, and never speak of keeping a shop again. I have 50,000 roubles (£7,000) of my own, and it is yours from this moment."

It appears that when very young the mother had been the servant of an English resident in Central Russia, who fell in love with and made her his wife, but fearing the displeasure of his family at so unequal a match, persuaded her to a private marriage, and intrusted the child, which resulted from it, to other hands. Shortly after the removal of the boy his parents went to England, where they remained for fifteen years, at the end of which time the husband died, bequeathing his entire property to his wife. The latter, anxious to recover her son, returned to Russia in search of him, but the removal of his adopted parents to another town baffled inquiries, and considerable time was spent in fruitless researches. In the meantime the mother became acquainted with and married a wealthy Russian, who, when the son was discovered, took such a fancy to him that he disclosed his intention to make the lad heir to all his property. So this waif in the great city is likely some day to become one of its wealthiest citizens.

A Sharp Trade.

A curious case has just been tried at St. Petersburg, which proves that it is sometimes well to look the purchased, if not the gift horse, in the mouth. A Russian colonel recently sold one of his horses to a merchant at a very high price, intimating at the same time that he was very loath to part with it, the animal being so capable and intelligent as "only to want a tongue in order to be perfect." The merchant's delight at his bargain, however, was somewhat dashed by the news brought him next day by his groom, that the horse was incapable of drinking properly, having only half a tongue. At this fatal revelation of the colonel's real meaning, his victim at once laid the case before a magistrate; but the defendant maintained, amid the uproarious laughter of the entire court (including even the presiding judge himself,) that he had given his customer fair warning of the defect, his words being that the horse "only wanted a tongue to make him perfect," and he appealed to the plaintiff himself for a confirmation of this statement, which the latter, with extreme reluctance and numerous unprintable comments, eventually gave. The magistrate pronounced that nothing could be done, and recommended that the affair should be compromised.

☞ Among the old laws and regulations which formerly existed in Massachusetts, was a by-law in the town of Scituate that one must not smoke a pipe during divine service, but might be permitted to delay going to church if he had a chance to shoot an Indian.

New England Girls Working a Western Farm.

The Milwaukee Wisconsin has the following:—

"In our rambles 'Up the Chippewa,' a few days ago, we chanced upon a brown faced girl ploughing out a twenty acre cornfield. She was rigged in a snuff-colored 'bloomer,' with a straw hat and good, honest number seven boots. There was no sham about her. She was evidently working with a will. She had been in the field since early morning, taking long strides behind a spirited horse, with the line thrown across her shoulder, and both hands firmly at the plough. It was just 'good fun,' she said, to take care of twenty acres, and away she strode through the long rows—turning corners, kicking over sods, and never a thought of rest or 'whoa,' till the dinner horn sounded across the field.

"On inquiry, we learned that our cornfield heroine was one of two New Hampshire girls who migrated with their parents to Eau Claire some dozen years ago. They had little means, but were of good working stock. They bargained for a quarter section of wild land and set about making a farm. There were no boys in the family. The girls were young, bright, healthy, and full of pluck and vigor. Their mother dressed them in bloomers, and gave them their choice in-doors or out. From the start they took the place of boys; they were not afraid of dust or sunshine; they never complained; they never tired out; they seldom missed a day from the fields through all the seasons, from earliest spring to latest autumn. As they grew older, they grew tough and wiry, and were alike ready at handling teams, breaking colts, building bridges, opening roads, fording creeks, clearing meadows, loading hay, binding grain or mounting a straw stack. In good seasons, they cut eighty tons of hay and eighty acres of grain. In rainy seasons they had to bring out their hay 'by hand,' carrying it on poles, knee deep through sloughs and marshes. In winter they attended school, and took care of sixty head of cattle, drawing hay from the swamps in the coldest weather. They hired no help except at harvesting. They did their own trading and marketing, and could never be outwitted by any of the store chaps at Eau Claire.

"The girls are now eighteen and twenty years of age, and have done more farm work than any two boys in the country. Their father, beginning with nothing, is now rich, with broad fields and thousands of ready stamps, mostly achieved through the grit and energy of his daughters.

"During the present season the girls have 'let up' a little on their out-door accomplishments, and are only cultivating twenty acres of corn for their own amusement. They have built them a spacious residence. They attend balls and parties, go a-trouting, drive their own teams, and occasionally give the boys a chance to show their spunk and gallantry. Of course such girls are objects of excitement and interest in their neighborhood. They are looked upon as 'capital prizes,' and young fellows are ready to break their necks for them. They are now right in their freshest bloom, but they are neither coarse nor masculine in appearance; they are simply round, trim, sprightly, full-breasted girls, with resolution in their eye, and plenty of good sense in their heads.

"It may be interesting to female politicians to know that these Chippewa Valley girls never whine or declaim about their 'rights' or 'position.' They saw rough work to be done—work most needed in our western country—and, asking odds of nobody, they went in bravely on their muscle and did it. They have made no noise about it."

[Perhaps the Indians are not so far out of the way after all, in putting their women to work raising corn. Here certainly is "*a wide field*" for Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, &c. If they can raise first-rate corn, that would be a better argument in favor of their voting than is generally used. Who will organize a great Female Farming and Corn-Raising Society?]

☞ A Tennesseean has invented a machine for cleaning cotton, which takes the bolls just as they are gathered, and converts them, by a single process, into a ribbon of spun cotton, composed of filaments laid parallel to one another, and in much better condition than cotton prepared in the old fashioned way.

☞ An old stable keeper in England says he has never had a bad foot on his horses since he commenced the practice of bedding them on a thick layer of sawdust. Pine sawdust he finds the best, oak the worst.

☞ The Czar of Russia has decreed that all parents forcing their children to marry or to enter monasteries or convents shall be liable to a punishment of from four months to one year's imprisonment, besides any punishment that may be inflicted by the religious authorities.

☞ Twelve states have completely ratified the Fifteenth Amendment, two are classed as "defective ratification," and two —Delaware and Kentucky—have rejected the amendment.

☞ It is all very well to advise people to take the bull by the horns, but what will the bull aforesaid be about all the time?

☞ The Revolution (woman's rights paper) seriously urges that women should be put on the police force.

☞ "Stranger, will you try a hand with us at poker?" "Thank you, gentlemen, but there are seventeen reasons why I cannot accommodate you just now." "Seventeen reasons for not playing cards! Pray, what are they?" "Why, the first is, I haven't any money." "Stop! that's enough; never mind the other sixteen."

☞ The effect of Mrs. Stowe's revelations concerning Lord Byron is beginning to be felt in a largely increased demand for his poems, and close observers say the demand comes mainly from a class of persons that never read them before. One leading bookseller reports a heavy increase of his sales, and other houses, in the same line, are anticipating a like harvest.—*New York Cor. of Philada. Ledger.*

DETERMINED beforehand we gravely pretend
To ask the opinions and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretence,
We pity his want of both judgment and sense;
But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really, we think him a sensible man.

☞ A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer writes: "That bugs may be kept from peas, if before planting they are soaked for two or three days in cold water. Be sure that there are no buggy peas about the premises and you will raise as good peas, and as free from bugs, as from seed that is fresh from Canada."

Oxford Wins.

The general interest excited by the Harvard-Oxford University boat race near London, shows how a comparatively trifling event can be made to occupy a large amount of public attention in the dull season. The affair was simply a boat race between four American oarsmen and four English oarsmen; but it occurred at a time when there was nothing special to occupy the American mind either in politics or in business—the two great absorbing subjects in the lives of our countrymen. Congress is not in session, the President and Cabinet are enjoying a period of leisure, and we are at the bottom of the "dull season" in business. The race had thus an opportunity to become a very conspicuous event, out of all proportion to its real consequence. The Oxford crew won the race handsomely, and judging from the time they made in the last two struggles against the Cambridge crew, they must have won it easily. The time was twenty-two minutes, forty seconds, for a stretch of four and a quarter miles, which is two minutes and twenty seconds longer than the time made by the Oxford crew last year, over the same stretch, and two minutes and forty seconds longer than their time in 1867. It is fair to infer from this that they had some power still in reserve, if they had been more closely pressed by the Harvard crew. Our countrymen were beaten by six seconds of time, or turning time into distance, about one hundred feet.

This is not much, if the Oxford crew put out their whole strength. It is a result, however, expected by nearly every one, excepting those who rather take counsel of their patriotism than their cool judgment. The Oxford crew were at home, on water where they know every eddie and ripple, and every change produced by changing wind and weather; and they had all the advantage of the experience of many years in pulling over the same track under all sorts of circumstances. The American crew were strangers to everything, with no knowledge of the course or the ways of the river, except the little they could pick up in the few weeks they have been in England. To those who take a strong interest in such affairs, it should be a satisfaction that the Harvard men made so good a race under the circumstances, and a consolation to believe that, with the conditions reversed, and the Oxford men on American waters, to which the Harvards are accustomed, the victory would, in all probability, have been with the Americans.

The time made was one mile for every five minutes and twenty seconds. The crews were composed of four oarsmen and a coxswain to each boat, instead of eight oarsmen, as is usual in the English University races, and some allowance should probably be made for this in comparing the time with that made on former occasions. The race was completed on the Thames at about 5.37 P. M., London time, and the result was known in this city at 1.10 P. M., Philadelphia time. Allowing for difference of time, it took but about thirty-three minutes to get the news from London to Philadelphia, part of which was consumed by a ride of three-quarters of a mile on horseback.—*Philada. Ledger.*

The Truth About Barbara Fritchie.

Mr. Lewis H. Steiner, of Frederick City, Maryland, writes to General Hawley, of the Hartford Courant, concerning Whittier's heroine as follows:—

"Barbara Fritchie (*not* Frietchie) was the widow of John C. Fritchie, deceased. She died during the winter of 1862–3, and was buried in the graveyard belonging to the German Reform Church of Frederick. She was an honest, earnest, faithful Christian woman, and an ardent lover of her country.

"During the passage of the rebel army through this place, in September, 1862, she kept a small flag in one of her windows. Her intolerance of the rebels was so extreme that she is said to have used her cane with great briskness in clearing her porch from a number of them, during the occupancy of Frederick, and to have employed terms far from complimentary while thus engaged. When our own troops entered, on Friday evening before the battle of South Mountain, Reno is said to have been so struck with her enthusiastic waving of the flag at the window that he asked her age and called upon his men to give 'three cheers for the loyal grandmother.'

"Although most of Lee's army passed by her house, it is asserted—and probably with truth—that Jackson himself did not pass directly by the same, but through an alley which crosses the street obliquely, at a short distance west of it."

☞ Good Places for Matchmaking—Sulphur springs.

☞ A girl in Wisconsin swallowed forty percussions-caps. Her mother refrained from spanking her for fear of an explosion.

☞ The people of Exeter, New Hampshire, appreciate a good specimen of schoolma'am. They give the principal of Robinson Female Seminary $3,500 a year, besides a house to live in. The house cost them $9,500.

☞ One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous, and happy in the depths of poverty, but not a whole people.

☞ "Grandpa!" "What, my dear?" "Who ploughed them great ditches in your forehead?" "God, my child." "What for?" "I don't know, Willie. Don't bother me." "I know, now! Father can tell how old his cow is by the wrinkles on their horns. Is that what God put them on you for?" "Now, Willie, go to bed; that is a good boy."

☞ A gentleman who has been struck by a young lady's beauty has determined to follow the injunction and "kiss the rod that smote him."

☞ An ice-house laborer being killed by a lump of ice falling on his head, the verdict was, "Died of hard drink."

☞ It doesn't follow that because we have taken a perilous step, we ought to retrace it. She was not a wise old woman who crossed a bridge, and on being told that it was labelled "dangerous," turned and recrossed it in all haste.

☞ Nearly four thousand persons starved to death in the great city of London last year. And yet the amount of money raised for charitable purposes in that city is enormous.

☞ One of the fashionable churches of New York, which tried to draw a crowd by having handsome young ladies act as ushers, has been laughed out of the practice. The church got to be known by the name of the church of the holy waiter girls.

☞ Chinese books are read from the right side of the page toward the left, and from the top to the bottom of a page, in vertical instead of horizontal columns.

Peaches.

The æsthetic, the sensuous, and the sentimental part of a man seldom meet so agreeably as they do over a basket of red peaches, whose cheeks yet seem to burn with the sun they left in Maryland orchards. The Persians signified love by the gift of half a peach. Let us love ourselves many times, then, while this amber sun of August lasts. The peach is the rose of fruits. Unlike love, it is harmless in any of its effects. A man once wished to commit suicide, and, looking about for an easy death, decided to eat himself to death on peaches; but the more he ate the better he felt, till, at the end of his basket, he cried, "Let me not leave the world that contains such a beautiful fruit." An amiable way of partaking of the peach is to slice it, cover it with sugar, and let it remain on ice for an hour, or till it freezes; then pour equal parts of sweet wine and cream over the fruit, eat and realize a vegetable passion. A peach-club has been formed among some of our gentlemen of refinement, who solemnly departed for the sunniest orchards of the Southwest to indulge in their favorite fruit, as anglers do in trout-fishing. Only one bite is taken out of the crimson side of a peach. The last account was 1,331 peaches eaten by the best sportsman of the party.

Royal Insurance Company.

From the Liverpool Journal of Commerce, Saturday, August 7, 1869.

The annual general meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held yesterday at the offices, North John street. Mr. Chas. Turner, M. P., presided, and there was a large attendance of proprietors.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1868.

Before entering upon a report of the results of the business for the year 1868, your directors have the melancholy duty of recording the death of Mr. Percy M. Dove, who occupied the position of manager and actuary of the Company from its establishment in 1845. Mr. Dove performed the duties devolving upon him with a distinguished ability, and much of the marked success which the Company has achieved may be attributed to the energy and enterprise he displayed in its service. Mr. John H. M'Laren, formerly sub-manager of the Company, has been appointed manager.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The fire premiums for the past year amount to the sum of £475,572 12s. 3d. ($2,377,860, gold), and the fire losses to £299,901 17s. 7d. ($1,499,508, gold). This ratio of loss, it will be observed, is lower than it has been for several years, but is still considerably in excess of the experience of the Company in its early history. The new elements of risk which have been referred to in previous reports, and the decreased rates of premium now prevailing, have both tended to diminish the profits of fire insurance business, and necessitated a more minute scrutiny of the results of the various branches of this department. It is gratifying to report that, by the practical application of the results of these and former investigations, the Company has escaped during the year losses amounting to £32,253 ($161,740), on risks which had been declined. It may, therefore, be reasonably anticipated that a continued watchful oversight of the business and a judicious economy in expenditure will secure, on an average of years, a fair though moderate profit for the shareholders; and it is satisfactory to add that such a profit has been realized on the transactions of the past twelve months. The total amount added to the credit of profit and loss on account of the British and general foreign business, including interest for the period, is £30,940 7s. ($154,700, gold), while the profit realized in the American branch is £26,849 2s. ($134,710, gold). The abolition of the fire insurance duty will have an important influence upon this department, and will, no doubt, prove of much benefit to the country.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.—The result of the operations for the year in this department are still more satisfactory. 1589 new policies have been issued, assuring, after the deduction of guarantees, £703,173 8s. 6d. ($3,515,800, gold), and the corresponding new premiums were £21,538 14s. 6d. ($107,640, gold), the renewal premiums amounted to £187,207 6s. 10d. ($935,035, gold), and the interest from investments to £36,195 8s. 2d. ($180,975, gold). The losses for the period have been very moderate, and, including payment of bonus additions, amount to £78,-323 17s. 2d. ($391,615, gold). For annuities and endowments the purchase money and premiums received are £14 874 12s. 1d. ($74,370, gold), and the interest placed to the credit of these accounts is £7,-351 19s. 3d. ($36,755, gold).

An important measure has been introduced into Parliament, with the object of obtaining a more complete exposition of the affairs of life assurance offices. It is believed that the effect of entire publicity being given to the accounts of all life companies will be to increase the confidence of the public in this mode of investment, by affording to assurers important data for selecting the really sound and well managed institutions. Your directors have always very fully complied with all the requirements of the acts under which the operations of the Company have been conducted, and on the present occasion, anticipating the operation of the new act, it will be found that the accounts which will be presented to you are in conformity with the models appended to the bill.

DIRECTORS.—The following directors now retire and are eligible for re-election: James Holmes, Esq.; Thomas D. Hornby, Esq., Henry Royds, Esq., and John Torr, Esq.

DIVIDEND AND BONUS.—The directors beg now to recommend that a dividend of 3s. per share and a bonus of 4s. per share (together 7s.), free of income tax, be declared. These payments will absorb £24,-358 19s. 1d. ($121,790, gold), of the fire profits. The total sums therefore (irrespective of the amount carried direct to the reserve fund), added to the funds of the Company, being the surplus of the year, after payment of dividend and bonus annuities, and all losses and expenses, are: To the fire department, £92,923 9s. 11d. ($114,615, gold); to the life department, £2144,945 19s. 9d. ($724,725, gold); together, £167,869 2s. 1d. ($839,345, gold).

CHARLES TURNER, Chairman.

5th August, 1869.

Mr. M'Laren then read the several statements of accounts.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.—It has often been asked whether it would be possible for a man to swim in oil. The question was practically solved, the other day, by a workman employed in an oil manufactory of Nice, who fell into a tank of olive oil nine feet deep. He was an expert swimmer, but he went to the bottom like a plummet, and was only saved from drowning by the timely aid of a comrade. Oil is too light to swim in; it is not sufficiently buoyant, and does not offer the resistance necessary to keep a man afloat.

How to Purchase a Clothes Wringer.

In purchasing a clothes wringer we prefer one with cog-wheels, as they greatly relieve the rubber rolls from strain that would otherwise occur, and add much to the durability of the machine. The next point is to see that the cog-wheels are so arranged as not to fly apart when a large article is passed between the rollers. It matters not whether the cog-wheels are on one end or both ends of the shaft; if large articles disconnect them, they are entirely useless. This is very important, for as the larger the article the greater the strain, therefore if the cog-wheels separate so as to disconnect, they are of no service when most needed. We have taken some pains to examine the various wringers, and much prefer the "Universal," as lately improved, because it has long and strong gears (Rowell's Patent Double Gear), and is the only wringer with "patent stop" for preventing the cog-wheels from separating so far as to lose their power.—*New England farmer.* [Having used for many months the kind of wringer mentioned above, we fully endorse all that is said of it by our New England contemporary.—*Editors of Scientific American.*]

☞ CO-OPERATIVE STORES IN UTAH.—Brigham Young has organized co-operative stores throughout his kingdom, the division of profits being nine-tenths to the stockholders and one-tenth to the church. Go where you will, you find sign-boards inscribed as follows: "Holiness to the Lord. Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Association."

Snake-Poison.

The chief element of snake-poisons is formic acid. By digesting this with chromic acid, readily obtained from bichromate of potass, by the addition of sulphuric acid, the result is the production of carbonic acid and water. Hence dilute chromic acid may be safely employed as an antidote to snake-poisons. It has been found that the poison infused by snake-bites may be successfully destroyed by applying carbolic acid to the wound. At the same time, ten drops of the acid, diluted with brandy and water, are to be administered at intervals, until the stupor and drowsiness, usually following the bite of a snake, are removed. The plan has been extensively adopted in Australia.

The Great Medical Mistake

Of former days was an utter neglect of sanitary precautions. No efficient means were adopted for the prevention of sickness. Sewerage was unknown in cities; drainage was rarely attempted in the country. Heaps of offal were left to rot in the public streets, and domestic cleanliness, the great antidote to febrile diseases, was sadly neglected. It is not so now. Wise laws, philanthropic institutions, and a vigilant sanitary police, have, to a great extent, remedied the evil. Nor is this all. Preventive medication has helped materially to lessen the rates of mortality. It is not too much to say that tens of thousands escape sickness in unhealthy seasons in consequence of having invigorated their systems in advance by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This pure and powerful vegetable tonic and alterative comprises the extracts and essences of a variety of roots and herbs, renowned for their strengthening, soothing, vitalizing and purifying properties. These medicinal agents are incorporated with a spirit absolutely free from the acrid poison which defiles, more or less, all the liquors of commerce, and their effect is diffused through the whole frame by this active, yet harmless stimulant. The result is such a condition of the system as renders it *all but impervious* to the exterior causes of disease, such as damp, fog, sudden alterations of temperature, &c. Strength, and the perfect regularity of all the functions of the body, are the best safeguards against atmospheric poison and the effects of unwholesome water, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the best strengthening and regulating medicine at present known. For dyspepsia and biliousness they are a specific absolute. aug7 4t

TO CUT OFF THE NECK OF A BOTTLE.—With a strong twine a yard or less in length, make one turn around the neck, rapidly move the bottle from one end of the string to the other, that the friction may heat the part; while hot, dip in cold water, and the glass is cracked off as clean and smooth as if cut by a diamond. A few strokes or movements with the string are all that is required. A bottle may be cut in two by the same process, if strips of paper are pasted around it, to keep the string from slipping from the place desired.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-bound, Colds, &c., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, &c., in Cattle. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs; also increase the milk of cows. Try them and you will never be without them. The late Hiram Woodruff, celebrated trainer of trotting horses, used them for years. Col. Philo. P. Bush, of the Jerome Race Course, Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they are composed, since which he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them. He has kindly permitted me to refer any one to him. Over 1000 other references can be seen at the depot.

Sold by druggists and saddlers. Price, 25 cts. per box. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. sep4-4t

☞ Oregon has an ordinance for the punishment of any person "lying drunk across the sidewalk." A man was recently arrested for the offence, but was discharged by the intelligent magistrate because the testimony went to show that he was lying along the sidewalk in a longitudinal direction.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ ANECDOTE OF LONGFELLOW.—Mr. Longfellow recently made a brief speech in England in which he claimed to be a Cumberland man. But when the English "Hear, hear!" had ceased, he added, quietly, "The county of Cumberland, in the state of Maine, three thousand miles from here," which was followed by a hearty laugh.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ In the city of London there is a church known by the name of St. Judas Iscariot. It was established about ten years ago, and is described as a sort of half-way house between the Church of Christ and the cave of Giant Despair. They have nothing in the shape of a creed, priest, or a sect, making conscience, and not the Bible, the supreme authority.

IMPORTANT to Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, their parents, widows, orphans to call on or write to E. S. League & Co., No. 135 South 7th st., Philadelphia. sept-1y

Clarifying Water.

Thirty years ago, in travelling up and down the Mississippi River, whose waters, below the mouth of the Missouri, where so turbid that it was impossible to see through a glass full of it, it was a common amusement to tie a bit of alum to a thread, and letting it down into the water, give it a swinging motion for a minute, and in a few moments more the water would be as clear as a rain-drop. Within a short time, the statement has appeared in the public prints, as if it were something new. It may, however, be well to add the exact proportions in which the alum is used, so as not to make the water taste of it. Three-quarters of a pound of finely pulverized alum stirred well into a tun of water; to each quart of water four grains of alum. The sulphate of alumina is greatly better than the rock of potash alum, as it introduces no alkaline into the water.

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ Old John Berry that used to live up Lake Champlain likes to tell a big story. One evening sitting in the village store, he said he once drove a horse seventy-two miles in one day on the ice, when the ice was so thin that the water spirted up through the holes cut through it by the horse's corks. One of the bystanders remarked that seventy-two miles was a pretty good drive for one day. "Yes," said Uncle John, "*but it was a long day in June.*"

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS renovate and invigorate the system of those who have by hidden indulgence destroyed their health. Sufferers, be not deceived, this remedy is your only hope. Sold by every respectable druggist in the world.

☞ A preacher in Chicago recently refused to say grace at a table, when asked, saying it was a mere formality, and "the best grace was to eat moderately, well digest your meal, and then go to work and earn another." For the same reason he refused to pronounce the benediction.

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. jy31-3t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. ABRAHAM W. MYERS to Miss LIZZIE M. PYLE, both of this city.

On the 18th of Nov., 1868, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. SAMUEL R. LENHART to Miss ELEANOR STINSMAN, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 1st of Aug., by the Rev. Robt. E. Matlack, Mr. CHARLES W. WATSON to Miss J. ANNA HEWES, both of this city.

On the 23d of Aug., Mr. ROBERT CLARKE to Miss ELLEN KIRK, both of this city.

On the 23d of Aug., by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. ALFRED C. N. HALBACK to Miss TILLIE E. GREENMAN, both of this city.

On the 17th of July, by the Rev. J. R. Gillingham, Mr. GEORGE S. MCEWEN, of this city, to Miss ANNIE E. LIVEZEY, of Bucks county.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Aug., ROBERT T. MELROSE, aged 44 years.

On the 23d of Aug., THOMAS EVANS, in his 77th year.

On the 22d of Aug., Mr. JAMES PATTERSON, in his 65th year.

On the 23d of Aug., SAMUEL C., son of Saml. H. and Ann B. Feil, in his 36th year.

On the 22d of Aug., AMY ANN, wife of Jos. Heise, in her 45th year.

On the 22d of Aug., Mr. ADAM MOFFITT, in his 64th year.

On the 23d of Aug., Mrs. CATHARINE SNYDER, in her 21st year.

On the 21st of Aug., Mr. JOHN F. GRAHAM, aged 31 years.

On the 21st of Aug., SARAH J. BOYER, in her 39th year.

BABY PAUL.

BY MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON.

Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Driving sleep from my eyelids,
Pulling the quilts away;
Pinching my cheeks and my forehead
With his white fingers small,
This is my bright-eyed darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Down on the floor in the parlor,
Creeping with laugh and shout,
Or out in the kitchen and pantry,
Tossing the things about;
Rattling the pans and the kettles,
Scratching the table and wall,
This is our roguish darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Riding on papa's shoulder,
Trotting on grandpa's knee,
Pulling his hair and whiskers,
Laughing in wildest glee;
Reaching for grandma's knitting,
Snatching her thimble and ball,
This is our household idol,
This is our Baby Paul.

Playing bo-peep with his brother,
Kissing the little girls,
Romping with aunts and uncles,
Clutching his sister's curls;
Teasing old puss from his slumbers,
Pattering o'er porch and hall,
This is our bonny wee darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Nestling up close to my bosom,
Laying his cheek to mine,
Covering my mouth with his kisses,
Sweeter than golden wine;
Flinging his white arms about me,
Soft as the snowflakes fall,
This is my cherished darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Fair is his face as the lilies,
Black are his eyes as the crow's,
Sweet is his voice as the robin's,
Red are his lips as the rose;
Bright is his smile as the sunbeams,
Beaming whene'er I call,
This is my beautiful darling,
This is my Baby Paul.

Dearer, a thousand times dearer,
The wealth of my darling I hold,
Than all this earth's glittering treasure,
Its glory, and honors, and gold;
If these at my feet were now lying,
I'd gladly renounce them all,
For the sake of my bright-eyed darling,
My dear little Baby Paul.

Audubon.

It is worthy of note that neither of the great American ornithologists was in the strict sense an American. Wilson was a Scotch weaver, who came to this country when a young man; and Audubon, though born in Louisiana, then a French colony, passed his youth and was educated in France, of which country his father was a native. His mother was a Spanish lady. Wilson brought out his work in this country, but Audubon was compelled to seek the patronage of British capital.

Audubon seems to have conceived his passion for ornithology while a youth in France, where he received lessons in drawing from David, and first exercised his hand in tracing objects of natural history. He also made collections of European birds, and displeased his father, who was a rigid disciplinarian, by his wild and wandering habits. His subsequent career presents a series of experiences and adventures remarkably curious and animated. At the age of seventeen we find him a gay, handsome youth, established in the country on one of his father's estates, called Mill Grove, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, passing his time in hunting, fishing, drawing, attending balls and parties, and raising all sorts of fowls. He is an admirable marksman, an expert swimmer, a good dancer and skater, plays on the flute and violin, is skilled in training dogs, and in stuffing and preserving animals and birds, has great bodily strength, and great beauty of form and feature. At this age he was preposterously fond of dress, and loved to hunt in black satin breeches, pumps, and ruffled shirts, obtained from Paris.

This is his day, his flowering season, and the efflorescence is quite extraordinary; but the bitter winds and storms and the nipping frosts are sure to follow. He marries at the age of twenty-eight, moves to the west, and in various business ventures at Louisville and Hendersonville, his property, which is considerable, is entirely swept away, mainly because of his own preoccupation and distaste for business. Then follows the Æneid of his life—his wanderings in the west and southwest; his struggles to earn a livelihood, which he does as a crayon portrait painter and teacher of drawing; his passionate pursuit of his beloved birds; his adventures in Kentucky and along the Mississippi—twelve checkered years, putting his patience and purpose to the severest tests, but rich in ornithological studies and experiences. At one time, in New Orleans, he is too poor to buy a book to write his journal in; but, on hearing that an expedition is talked of, to survey the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, his spirits revive, and, thirsting for new fields of adventure, he writes to President Monroe for an appointment as draughtsman and naturalist to the expedition. The project lightens his heart instantly, and in imagination he sees the new and rare birds which await him in those unexplored regions. He seeks a recommendation from Vanderlyn, the historical painter, then living in New Orleans, and, with the perspiration streaming down his face, the obscure naturalist opens his portfolio, and lays his drawings out before the critical eye of the famous artist. Vanderlyn is impressed, and gives him a complimentary note, evidently feeling that he is not the mendicant he at first sight took him to be. But, unluckily, Audubon does not go to the Pacific, and, a few years later, desperately bent on improving his financial condition, he turns dancing master at Bayou Sara, where his wife holds a position as governess. His music and instructions are appreciated, and his pecuniary prospects brighten. On one occasion he is requested by his delighted pupils and their festive parents to dance to his own music, which he does till the whole room comes down in thunders of applause.

He is forty-six years old before his own earnings, added to those of his brave and hopeful wife, furnish him with the little capital with which he hopes to take the first step toward publishing his drawings. Meeting only with discouragement in this country, he sets sail for England, where he arrives, in July, 1826, where his drawings are published by subscription, and in a style that eclipses anything of the kind before known. When completed, he undertakes in Edinburgh his "American Ornithological Biography," the first volume of which is brought out in 1831, and which is also a great success. Before the final completion of his works, he makes several return visits to this country, and extends his rambles north, south and west in quest of new material. In 1846, the first volume of his "Quadrupeds of North America" is published, but he is not able to complete the work. His mind and strength fail him, and in January, 1851, he passes peacefully away. The second volume of the "Quadrupeds" is mostly prepared by his sons Victor and John, and has been published since their father's death.

In person Audubon was finely formed, and in his mature life, with his hair falling to his shoulders, his open throat, his keen eye, and animated movements, was a figure of mark wherever he appeared. In the streets of Edinburgh he attracted much attention, and says that his hair gave him as much notoriety as his drawings did. He was perhaps a little boyish and immature in certain phases of his character, and his eagerness for fame, which occasionally breaks out in his journal, is hardly consistent with his really noble and fervid aspirations. But it must be remembered that he has not the cold reserve and the caution of the Anglo-Saxon character, and the stories of his vanity and self-glorification have their origin in his boyish frankness and a certain transparency, rather than in any undue preponderance of conceit. Take him all in all, he is one of the most striking figures in our history, while the service he has rendered to ornithology surpasses perhaps the work of any other one man who ever lived.—*New York Nation.*

The Bedouins.

At nine in the morning, the caravan was before the hotel door, and we were at breakfast. There was a commotion about the place. Rumors of war and bloodshed were flying everywhere. The lawless Bedouins in the valley of the Jordan and the deserts down by the Dead Sea were up in arms, and were going to destroy all comers. They had had a battle with a troop of Turkish cavalry and defeated them; several men killed. They had shut up the inhabitants of a village and a Turkish garrison in an old fort near Jericho, and were besieging them. They had marched upon a camp of our excursionists by the Jordan, and the pilgrims only saved their lives by stealing away and flying to Jerusalem under whip and spur in the darkness of the night. It was reported that the consul had requested that no more of our pilgrims should go to the Jordan while this state of things lasted; and, further, that he was unwilling that any more should go, at least without an unusually strong military guard. Here was trouble. But, with the horses at the door, and everybody aware of what they were there for, what would *you* have done? Acknowledge that you were afraid, and backed shamefully out? Hardly. It would not be human nature, where there were so many women. You would have done as we did: said you were not afraid of a million Bedouins—and made your will and proposed quietly to yourself to take up an unostentatious position in the rear of the procession.

I think we must all have determined upon the same line of tactics; for it did seem as if we never would get to Jericho. I had a notoriously slow horse; but somehow I could not keep him in the rear, to save my neck. He was forever turning up in the lead. In such cases I trembled a little, and got down to fix my saddle. But it was not of any use. The others all got down to fix their saddles too. I never saw such a time with saddles. It was the first time any of them had got out of order in three weeks, and now they had all broken down at once. I tried walking, for exercise—I had not had enough in Jerusalem, searching for holy places. But it was a failure. The whole mob were suffering for exercise, and it was not fifteen minutes till they were all on foot, and I had the lead again. It was very discouraging.

We had had a glimpse, from a mountain top, of the Dead Sea, lying like a blue shield in the plain of the Jordan, and now we were marching down a close, flaming, rugged, desolate defile, where no living creature could enjoy life, except perhaps, a salamander. It was such a dreary, repulsive, horrible solitude! It was the "wilderness" where John preached, with camel's hair about his loins—raiment enough—but he never could have got his locusts and wild honey here. We were moping along down through this dreadful place, every man in the rear. Our guards, two gorgeous young Arab sheiks, with cargoes of swords, guns, pistols, and daggers on board—were loafing ahead.

"Bedouins!"

Every man shrunk up and disappeared in his clothes like a mud-turtle. My first impulse was to dash forward and destroy the Bedouins. My second was to dash to the rear to see if there were any coming in that direction. I acted on the latter impulse. So did all the others. If any Bedouins had approached us then, from that point of the compass, they would have paid dearly for their rashness. We all remarked that afterwards. There would have been scenes of riot and bloodshed there that no pen could describe. I know that, because each man told what he would have done individually; and such a medley of strange and unheard-of inventions of cruelty you could not conceive of. One man said he had calmly made up his mind to perish where he stood, if need be, but never yield an inch; he was going to wait, with deadly patience, till he could count the stripes on the first Bedouin's jacket, and then count them and let him have it. Another was going to sit still till the first lance reached within an inch of his breast, and then dodge it and seize it. I forbear to tell what he was going to do to that Bedouin that owned it. It makes my blood run cold to think of it. Another was going to scalp such Bedouins as fell to his share, and take his bald-headed sons of the desert home with him alive for trophies. But the wild-eyed pilgrim rhapsodist was silent. His orbs gleamed with a deadly light, but his lips moved not. Anxiety grew, and he was questioned. If he had got a Bedouin, what would he have done with him?—shot him? He smiled a smile of grim contempt and shook his head. Would he have stabbed him? Another shake. Would he have quartered him—flayed him? More shakes. Oh, horror! what *would* he have done?

"Eat him!"

Such was the awful sentence that thundered from his lips.—*Mark Twain.*

PIANOS AND PIANISTS.

A musical critic, deserving of the closest attention, says:—

The reason why the piano is the musical instrument most generally in use is because it possesses within itself the air and the accompaniment, and all the wealth of orchestral harmony beyond any instrument yet invented. The piano is incontestibly the first instrument in the world. Thus, all the great composers of operas, oratorios and symphonies have been celebrated pianists; for instance, Gluck, Spontini, Cherubini, Rossini, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Meyerbeer, and, formerly, Handel and Bach. From this list must be excluded Spohr, Kreutzer, Berlioz, and David; and in their compositions are found many phrases not spontaneous in their inspiration or their fulfilment, a lack of simplicity in the modulation, and a notable uncertainty in the carrying out of their ideas. The piano has undergone considerable changes since its origin; and, thanks to the Broadwoods, the Erards, and the Brinsmeads, it has now attained high perfection in the depth of tone and elasticity of touch.

The improvement of the piano has thus effected a complete revolution in the execution and manner of playing. By the infinity of the gradations in the sounds that can be drawn from the instrument, it is very easy for the practiced ear to detect, the moment that the piano is touched, whether a real artist is in possession of the instrument, or a mere mechanical player, who, after many years' hard work, has just managed to play decently. Unfortunately, the majority of players—and it is only natural that it should be so—are of the mechanical kind, and have only just a right to be called "fair" pianists. They are unable to rise to the height of the great argument, and know not the essence of the musical sentiment which alone distinguishes the real artist. The moderate party have lately agreed to decry the modern masters, and cover themselves, as they declare, against new music, under the mantle which has been dubbed CLASSIC, and they inscribe on their banners the names of Beethoven and Mozart, in reference to their musical purity or puritanism. But as with a book the letter itself is without life, and it depends on the reader to draw all sorts of high and beautiful things therefrom, just as was meant by the author; so much, and more, indeed, in Music depends on the hand, the ear, the eye, the brain, which all assist in the creation of the sounds given forth from the instrument. The renderer must, in his own soul and genius, comprehend, who would fitly perform his task, the ideas themselves which are to be found in the sublime pages of those musical giants—Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. How many such are there?

Alas, how very few! Every half-perfected pianist, the pigmies whose belief is narrowed to a trinity or quartet of composers, by reason of their own lack of innate talent, and their powerlessness to rival the colossal skill of the few real artists that Europe possesses, have agreed to abuse the music they cannot play. For fifteen or twenty years they have done nothing but *pianotter* the sonatas of Scalatti, Mozart, and Beethoven, and from this incessant playing of the same things have arrived—it may be confessed—to play them fairly. And, forsooth, on these grounds, they arrogate to themselves the right to be considered the Apostles of Classic Music. All this is, truly, an unworthy profanation of sublime musical art, the noblest poetry of which the human heart is capable, and is, above all, profane when considered in connection with the illustrious masters whom they massacre so regularly. We protest strongly against these mechanical pianists, who are but workmen, not artists; and much less are they Classicists. There are a few men who have no such narrow ideas; there are some men in the first rank, above all this ignorance, and who have propagated and perfected the real faith, and have founded the true school of pianists in Europe. Who that knows, really knows, good music well played, ever heard anything but the best productions of all composers played to the echo of admirableness by Hummel, Moscheles, Field, Chopin, Listz, Thalberg, Kontski? These are the men, the masters of their unapproachable art, the perfectness of force and harmony.

THE FLOWER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Once, in a golden hour,
I cast to earth a seed;
Up there came a flower—
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went
Through my garden-bower,
And, muttering discontent,
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light;
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night:

Sowed it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower!"

Read, my little fable—
He that runs can read:
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

Memory's Heartaches.

And as the shadows of the lamp flicker and play strange freaks across the carpet, we bend down our head and turn aside from the merry games and bright smiles that wreathe the face of Hope, to call Memory from the corner of our heart where we too often bid her linger. She comes up at our call, and, though stray lines of sunshine linger here and there, her smile of welcome is a sad one, and speaks to us of friends dead and hopes crushed.

We are going back now, down the shady valley that entombed the old red farmhouse; we are looking away back years and years at balls, and tops, and hoops, and young lads shouting in their sports and games. We see mother at the door, and the footfall of her companion echoes up the gravelled walk. We follow with our eye the finger of Memory, and we see the cold, ghost-like tombstones grouped together in the hillside graveyard. We see the tears and sighs that Hope has never blotted out; we follow each step from boyhood to silver locks. Years ago, a baby voice rang through parlor and kitchen; a baby laugh rippled out in little waves, the chubby white foot pattered over the floor; baby smiles welcomed us at the door, and the little fingers felt in our pockets to grasp a reward. Hope told us of a life for him that should, in the gray locks of our life, cheer and bless us. We unlock the sacred drawer, and take out the wooden horse, the ball of string, two little brown marbles, and a great pain tugs at our heart. We see a snowy cot, hear little groans of pain and anguish, see the death angel stand in the door and weep with us while she bids him come. A little coffin, a stillness in the house, a tiny grave. Oh! Memory, you bring up hot, bitter tears; you wrench down with ruthless hand the wall which Hope had built to prevent us from looking over the desert spots of life!

Hand in hand with Memory, we are going down the lane that led us up from childhood. The grass is seared and scorched; the flowers bloom under the dew of Hope to be withered by the cruel words of men. There are vacant chairs at the table; there are marble slabs that tell us of the dead and gone. We forget the little things just as the drops of the ocean are lost in the great wave; but Hope cannot laugh to scorn the great grief of our tears.

"Turn backward, oh! Time." Give us again the bounding step of youth, the merry laugh, the bright spots of sunshine that clouds have since turned into funeral palls! We are growing old. We are groping in the darkness that leads us along the unknown shore. We smile sadly at the beckonings of Hope. We wish to be young again; to have no heartaches and wrinkles of care. We want to see the coffined forms start into life, and hear a mother's kind good-night, and feel her soft hand on our locks as she prays that He may guide our young feet in the right way. We want the kind words of a father, to hear the merry laugh of a sister, to feel that some one sighs at our wanderings and smiles at our better deeds. Take back our gray hairs and our burdensome years! Give us our life to begin again. Sweep away these tokens, wet with tear-falls, and tell us that Memory has guided us wrongly.

Have pity, Father Time! You were never young; you never grow old; there is no one to mock your faltering steps, no one to laugh at your gray hairs. We love the clear sunlight, the green trees, the beautiful earth. Men have used us ill, and we must live to forgive them; we have not always done right, and we must live to repent. Tell us that we shall live a score of years—ten—five—even one year more. Tell us that another sun will not set on our open grave.

Alas! you will not. You brush away poor Memory, sobbing in her pity, and you strike another hour on the bell of the great clock to tell us the grave is so much nearer our own shrouded form, our footsteps so much nearer the turbid waters. You add another line of care, sprinkle more tokens of your presence among our locks, and the weird shadows dance in glee that our life-lamp must flicker and grow pale before the approach of that mysterious dawn whose light shall close our eyes in the long stillness of the narrow home.

Climbing the Alps.

Of late years, it has been the fashion to sneer at those who climb Alpine heights for other than scientific purposes. They are told, and by the best authorities, that it is wrong, even criminal, to risk their lives and their hired guides in such aimless danger. There are two sides to this as to all questions. Any one who has once enjoyed the indescribable delight of a difficult ice-climb, laughs at such utilitarian views; the excitement and bodily benefit are sufficient to justify and repay all his toil. As for the peril, it hardly exists for the mountaineer of steady head, unflinching nerve, and average powers of endurance. There are dangers, of course; but experience and judgment will infinitely lessen the chance of their occurring. Take crevasses—the very name savors of untold horrors to the inexperienced; but I see no more necessity for stepping into a yawning fissure in a glacier, than for walking into a hatchway. An open crevasse is easily leaped at some convenient place where the walls approach; when bridged over with snow, the rope gives ample security. The danger from avalanches is equally slight; they fall at certain hours, obeying the sun, and leave plain tracks to mark their route, which can be avoided. Other perils are more imaginary than real; because a ledge is narrow there is no occasion for dropping off it; and a tumble down-stairs is about as easy as down a rocky *couloir*. Of the thousands of ascents made by the practiced climbers of the Alpine Club, only one has proved fatal, and that was owing entirely to the admission of a man who was not equal to the work. The exception only proves that in mountaineering, as in everything else, the novice must serve an apprenticeship, and cannot be reckoned a first-class cragsman, till he can follow the boldest guide any where without assistance.

An amusing examination might be made of the current fallacies respecting Alpine regions. Year by year these fables are being exposed. The wonderful "reverberation" that beat back De Saussure and his seventeen guides from the cap of Mont Blanc, is now only remembered as a by-word. I have been on the highest summits, and never suffered from the tenuity of the atmosphere; my ears never felt like popping; my nose didn't bleed; my finger-nails were much as usual; and my voice unchanged, so far as I could tell. Neither have I met with any who have known these sensations; and if there are such, they are unfit for climbing. My own experience has been, that the cool, thin air of the higher passes is more bracing than the warm air of the plains; and the times of exertion being equal, I have invariably felt less fatigue above the snow-line than below it. Even the terms "snow-line" and "limit of perpetual snow" give a false impression, for the snow is not perpetual, but melts as briskly in the summer sunshine as in our March thaws. Above the so-called line, more snow falls during the winter than can be melted by the heat of summer; and it is fearfully hot sometimes, in the joint glare of sun and snow. Vegetation does not cease at the snow-line. I have found a profusion of bloom crouching in rock nooks twelve thousand feet above sea level, and lichens cling to the Matterhorn's cliffs.

In conclusion, I hereby enter a plea for summer snow. I know no better means of developing a young man's nerve and endurance than mountain climbing. The Alpine Club is made up of the best blood of England, and I see no reason why American blood need not assert its blueness in the Alps as elsewhere. Two or three of our countrymen are already working members of the Club. Switzerland is only a fortnight distant, and a summer can easily be spent among its peaks, after a season or two of training on the crags of New Hampshire.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

Extraordinary Duel.

Mr. Thomas Sheridan, in his "Life of Dean Swift," has recorded an account of a very singular character, who lived in the county of Tipperary. The name of this gentleman was Matthew, and after a long residence abroad, he returned to Dublin at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. At that time party ran very high, but raged nowhere with such violence as in that city, insomuch that duels were every day fought there on that score.

There happened to be at that time two gentlemen in London, who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack, the other Creed; the former a major, the other a captain in the army.

Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knights-errant, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon inquiry, they learned that Mr. Matthew had the character of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe.

Pack rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him; and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, jostled the fore-chairman. Of this, Matthew took no notice, supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterward boasted of it in a public coffee-house, saying that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it.

There happened to be present a particular friend to Mr. Matthew, of the name of Macnamara, a man of good courage, and reputed the best fencer in Ireland. He immediately took up the quarrel, and he was sure Mr. Matthew did not suppose the affront intended, otherwise he would have chastised him on the spot; but if the major would let him know where he was to be found, he should be waited on immediately on his friend's return, who was to dine that day a little way out of town.

The major said that he should be at the tavern over the way, where he and his companion would wait their commands.

Immediately on his arrival, Matthew being made acquainted with what had passed, went from the coffee-house to the tavern, accompanied by Macnamara. Being shown into the room where the two gentlemen were, after having secured the door, without any expostulation, Matthew and Pack drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them, saying he had something to propose before they proceeded to action. He said, in cases of this nature, he never could bear to be a cool spectator.

"So, sir," addressing himself to Creed, "if you please, I shall have the honor of entertaining you in the same manner."

Creed, who desired no better sport, made no other reply than that of instantly drawing his sword; and to work the four champions fell, with the same composure as if it were only a fencing match with foils.

The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists.

Upon this occasion, Matthew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed, "Ah, poor Creed, "are you gone?" "Yes," said Matthew, very composedly, "and you shall instantly *pack* after him;" at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun.

The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched.

The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, but had beds immediately conveyed into it, on which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack, in a feeble voice, said to his companion—

"Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle."

For a long time they were despaired of; but, to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Matthew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterward ensued, as they found them of probity, and of the best dispositions, except in this Quixotic idea of duelling, whereof they were now perfectly cured.

Finding the Mammoth.

In the year 1799 a chief of a native tribe was searching for ivory along the banks of the Lena, when, to his great horror and fright, he saw in a cliff of the gravel just mentioned a huge block of ice, and in it what he considered a beast of evil omen. He became ill from terror, but, on his recovery, remembering that the beast had tusks which were like those he was searching for, he again visited the spot. There stood, all encased in transparent ice, a creature like an elephant in shape, nine feet high and sixteen feet long, and with enormous tusks projecting for eight or ten feet, and curving at their tips. The huge brute was hairy; it had long black bristles all over it, and they were from a foot to sixteen inches long; it had also long red hair covering the whole body, and short fur. The chief waited and watched for five years. By the end of that time the ice had melted, and the mammoth presented itself in its flesh and hairy hide to the astonished natives. The tusks were cut off and sold, the neighboring inhabitants came with their dogs and feasted on the carcase, and the wolves picked the bones. Fortunately a naturalist heard of it, and collected the bones and specimens of the hair, thirty pound weight of which were gathered from the wet sand bank on which the mammoth rested, and the tusks he purchased. He carried the whole to the nearest capital, St. Petersburg, a distance of seven thousand three hundred and thirty miles, where it became one of the wonders of the world, and where it may still be seen in the museum of which it forms a most remarkable feature.

☞ Men who are all cheek are rarely men of brain. Nature can't support too much in one establishment.

A PRAYER.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Thou, who dost dwell alone—
Thou, who dost know thine own—
Thou, to whom all are known,
From the cradle to the grave—
Save, oh save!
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations,
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish,
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave—
Save, oh save!
When the soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher;
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprize,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—
Save, oh save!
From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature,
That mars thy creature;
From grief, that is but passion;
From mirth, that is but feigning;
From tears, that bring no healing;
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing—
Save, oh save!
From doubt, where all is double,
Where wise men are not strong,
Where comfort turns to trouble,
Where just men suffer wrong,
Where sorrow treads on joy,
Where sweet things soonest cloy,
Where faiths are built on dust,
Where love is half mistrust,
Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea—
Oh set us free!
Oh let the false dream fly,
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
Oh where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife reconciled;
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness,
Love no unkindness,
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing,
From the cradle to the grave.
Save, oh save!

The Tryst in Twin-Tree Lane.

At midnight between the 9th and 10th of May, 18— (it is less than thirty-five years ago), there occurred a meeting which, whether for the incongruity of its constituent elements, the difficulties with which it was encompassed, its gloom and misery, or its actual purpose, has, to the best of the writer's belief, no parallel in social history.

During the period that has since elapsed, many minor particulars have come to light, and supplied the materials for as circumstantial a narrative of this singular transaction as the most curious inquirer could desire.

On the evening of the 8th of May, that is, the day preceding the incident about to be related, the family of Mr. Newton Horsfall, of Cowling Priors, near London, noticed something unusual in that gentleman's demeanor.

Mr. Horsfall was the representative of an old and loyal county family. Though of somewhat quiet and retiring habits, he was an active county magistrate, and, the previous year, had served the office of high sheriff. Aged, at this period, about forty-eight, he had married seven years before a lady twenty years his junior, by whom he had a son and daughter.

At dinner, on the day above mentioned, Mr. Horsfall's disturbance seemed to increase. He ate but little, was silent and abstracted, and, contrary to his wont, appeared relieved when his wife's departure left him to his own meditations. He moved restlessly in his chair, got up and paced the room, and, finally, sitting down at a bureau that stood in a corner of the room, fell to examining some papers he selected from its contents. These he divided into two portions, one of which he tore up to the minutest particles, the other he placed under seal and restored to its former place. It was known at an after period that he had also opened and perused his will.

This done, he rested his head on both hands and resumed his anxious meditations. Suddenly he spoke aloud.

"I will—yes, I will do it. Yes, come what may, the reproach of being absent shall not attach alone to *me*. Let danger, let what is worse, ridicule, attend this proceeding, I am of a race that keep their faith, and—"

"Newton!" said a gentle voice, and a white hand glistened on his shoulder. "I have not been your wife for seven years," resumed Mrs. Horsfall, "without learning to read your face. You have a trouble, dear; the first, I hope and believe, you have not permitted me to share. Forgive my eaves-dropping. My anxiety was intolerable. What has happened?"

Mr. Horsfall smiled.

"Happened, my love? Nothing, nothing in the world. The worst is—the very worst is, that—that—I must leave you for some thirty-six hours, and that, unfortunately, this very night."

"To-night!"

"I understand your consternation, my dear," said her husband, trying to speak lightly; "we have people to dinner to-morrow, and unless they would consent to wait till six in the morning, my Lucy must be host and hostess too."

"O Newton, it is impossible!"

"Try."

"But will you tell me nothing more?"

"Every word, dear; but not *now*."

"Newton, I have a petition to make to you."

"Speak it, love."

"Take me with you."

"Not if—ahem—my dear, it is impossible," said the magistrate. "You must remain to receive our friends, and assure them that nothing short of business that would not brook an hour's delay compelled me to be absent from my post. Now, if you love me, not another question. Ring the bell, like a sensible woman, and order the carriage at four."

"Four in the morning?" ejaculated Mrs. Horsfall, faintly, and burst into tears.

"The idea is terrible," said the magistrate, smiling; "but take courage. Duty calls."

"May I go with you part of the way?"

"To London? Certainly, if you wish it. *All* the way."

It was not in his very gentlest accents that Jacob Gould, the coachman, acquainted his pampered horses with the astounding fact that they were required to turn out of their comfortable nests, as he himself had done, at four in the morning. As for Mr. Horsfall himself, now that he had apparently resolved upon his course of action, he grew more cheerful, and jested gayly with his wife as he put her into the carriage. At the top of Regent street he stopped the carriage and beckoned to a hackney coach.

"God bless you, my love!" he cried, leaning from the window; and, adding a word of direction to the driver, was jolted away.

"*Where* did your master say, Robert?" asked Mrs. Horsfall.

"Whyto' seller, Piccadilly, 'm," retorted Robert, with a slight cough, meant to intimate that travelling so early did not agree with him.

"I will alight here also," said Mrs. Horsfall. "Let the carriage be put up for an hour or two. You and Jacob get some breakfast, then return home, and see that the letters I have left be delivered immediately. I shall not be back until to-morrow, with your master. Call that coach."

"Piccadilly," was the direction she gave, but, stopping the coach in a minute or two, she asked the driver what was the White Horse Cellar.

"Place wheer the Brighton coaches plies from," was the answer.

"Drive to the Elephant and Castle," said Mrs. Horsfall, "and be quick."

"Is there a Brighton coach about to start?" Mrs. Horsfall inquired, eagerly, as they mingled with the mass of coaches which at that period congregated round the well-known hostel.

"Yes, 'm, the Age, in a moment;—one inside?" telegraphed a porter to the Brighton driver, who nodded.

Mrs. Horsfall was in her place in a moment, and whisking along through Tooting, half an hour ahead of her husband, supposing, indeed, he had taken that road. But she was far from content with herself. Twenty times, during the journey, she wished the step untaken. As often she succeeded in persuading herself that her disobedience was pardonable, and preferable, whatever its consequence, to the anxiety she would have had to endure; for that her husband was bound on an expedition of danger, she entertained no manner of doubt.

It was a period of discontent, and much uneasiness. From causes not necessary here to recall, the working classes in several counties had allowed themselves to be moved to serious outrage. Incendiarism was the order of the day, or night, and it was no uncommon thing to see the horizon lit up in twenty places with the fires that guilty hands had kindled. Everywhere there was a vague apprehension of a visit from the "mob," which noun of multitude was supposed to be prowling about, burning and pillaging the houses of the rich, and, in more than one instance, justifying the fear. Mrs. Horsfall trembled, as it occurred to her that her husband's excursion was connected with the repression of these disturbances.

She had resolved upon her course of action; and, accordingly, quitted the coach at a small hotel at the very entrance of Brighton, at which most of the coaches halted for a moment. Here she obtained an apartment facing the road, and, shrouded in the curtains, set herself to scrutinise the passengers of each vehicle, as they successively arrived.

The vigil was tedious, but, at six o'clock, her patience was rewarded. As the Red Rover dashed up to the door, the familiar face was discernible at the coachman's side.

Mrs. Horsfall had concluded that he would certainly go on to Castle Square, and had prepared herself to step into a fly, and follow. To her astonishment, however, if not alarm, he quietly descended, obtained his valise, and entered the same modest hostel in which his wife had already taken refuge.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Horsfall, by skillful inquiry, contrived to learn that the magistrate had dined, by himself, in the coffee-room, had subsequently smoked a cigar, and, that finished, gone to the play.

"To the—" Mrs. Horsfall had some difficulty in checking her ejaculation of surprise.

But the gentleman would return at eleven; only the porter was not to go to bed, as he was going out again, and might be absent some hours.

Mrs. Horsfall's heart gave a throb.

"*That* is *it*, then," she murmured, and sunk into trembling meditation. In this condition we must leave her, and repair to another part of the country.

Doctor S., who at this time presided over an important inland diocese, and was in the prime of intellectual, if not physical life, was a man who never spared himself in his Master's service. It was therefore an unmistakable token of overtaxed energies, when the bishop, sinking into his chair on the evening of the 7th of May, acknowledged that a brief respite from labor would not be unacceptable to him. His wife caught at the idea. For the last few days, a sort of harassed look, not habitual with him, had attracted her attention. He wanted rest.

"How I wish, my dear," said Mrs. S., "that you could escape, if it were but for four or five days, from *all* hard work! Now I really think that, with the assistance you can command, and—"

"My dear, you anticipate my thought," the good bishop replied. "Nothing would recruit me more effectually than a fair three days' holiday, exclusive of the travelling; a little unfatiguing journey, some whither—say, towards the sea. I ought, yes, certainly, I ought to do it," he added, half to himself.

"*That* you ought!" exclaimed his wife, triumphantly. "I shall order William to prepare your things, so that, if you please, we can leave this very day."

"Gently, gently, my dear," said the bishop. "'*We!*' nay, nay; I must not take all my comforts with me, and expect to find health to boot. It is enough that I find rest, and—and change. I shall make my little expedition entirely alone."

"*Alone!*" echoed Mrs. S. "My dear, I shall be so nervous."

"On behalf of which of us, my love?" inquired the bishop, laughing. "Come, come, the dangers of the highways are reduced to a minimum. As regards the perils of damp sheets and doubtful fare, I can make your mind easy. I shall ask the hospitality of my cousin, Anna Meadows, at their pretty place near Brighton, and occupy the bachelor's room."

"At least, you will take Charles?"

(Charles was the bishop's nephew, his chaplain and secretary.)

The bishop hesitated. It was clear he purposed to have gone alone, but his wife's tone of entreaty prevailed. Moreover, he was very fond of his nephew.

"Well, well, Charles shall go."

They set off that day, and the next, May the 8th, saw them, to the delight of their amiable host and hostess, comfortably established at Parkhurst Dene. Mrs. Meadows was, indeed, a little disappointed next morning, when her right reverend guest announced, with some reluctance, that a business engagement of a pressing nature would compel him to absent himself for that evening and night, but that he would return early on the morrow. Except that his destination was Brighton, the bishop added no further particulars, and, the distance being but eight miles, the carriage was not ordered till four o'clock, at which time, accompanied by his nephew, he took his departure. He had made a feeble effort to shake off this faithful companion, but Charles had laughingly reminded him of the promise his aunt had exacted from him, not to lose sight of the bishop till the latter returned in safety. So the prelate had given way.

During the drive, their conversation turned upon the state of the agricultural districts. There had been some threatening of disturbance, and several incendiary fires visible from Brighton; but the presence of a large cavalry force at the latter place kept the fashionable folk entirely at their ease as regarded a visit from the "mob."

After passing through the village of Portslade, the bishop began to scrutinize the locality with keen interest.

"Here are spots," he observed, "in which escape or concealment would not be difficult for these misguided persons, should these ample rick-yards tempt them to fresh crime. We are approaching a still more broken— My friend," added the bishop, taking advantage of the carriage walking up a hill to accost a rustic who was at hand, "do you know Coldstone Bottom—and—and Twin-Tree Lane?"

"I 'low I do," said the man, "whereby I've lived at Coldstone better nor twenty years. T' other's to the left, handy."

For the remainder of the drive the bishop was silent and meditative. They were quickly in Brighton, when the bishop drove to the York Hotel, dismissed the carriage, and ordered apartments.

"We will dine together, Charles, at seven," he said to his nephew; "the evening is at your own disposal, for my work, which may possibly detain me to a late hour, admits of no assistance or interference."

There was an emphasis on the latter words that forbade remonstrance. But the Reverend Charles Lileham was sensible of an undefined anxiety which induced him to resolve that, happen what would, he must not let his honored relative wander far from his sight. It was a little before eleven when the bishop, suddenly rising, put on his great-coat, took his hat and stick, and affectionately pressing his nephew's hand, walked quietly forth alone.

That night, the 9th of May, was a festival one at Brighton. A gentleman of the highest distinction, in his line, was receiving the compliment of what might be justly called a "public" dinner, inasmuch as it was held at the Clenched Fists, Birdcage Lane, North Street, and was open to any gentleman interested in the matter to the amount of three-and-sixpence, liquors not included.

It was well attended, for Mr. William Beekes, far better known as the "Bradford Dumpling," retired champion of England, was the son of a much-respected yeoman farmer in the vicinity, and, though making Bradford the city of his adoption, had never forgotten the peaceful village that gave him birth. The heads he had punched in youth were, like his own, tinged with gray—for the Dumpling had attained the (for the ring) patriarchal age of forty-five—but his visits were hailed with undiminished enthusiasm, and, moreover, this 9th of May was the anniversary of the last great triumph of his professional career.

The festivities were prolonged to a late hour. At that disturbed period it was felt that the usual loyal toasts should be received with double honors, if not with double draughts, and it was past ten o'clock before the chairman arrived at the great toast of the evening.

A song (patriotic), and another (pugilistic), with choruses to both, wound up the evening; when, as closing time approached, it was proposed to escort the ex-champion to his private residence in Burr Alley, West Street, give him three cheers, and dismiss him to his slumbers. But to this little attention the Dumpling opposed a strenuous opposition. He preferred walking home quietly, alone and unrecognized—indeed, he *was not* going home, leastways, not yet. He had an engagement beyond the town, Patcham way, and it was near upon the time. To the playful comment of one of his friends that it was a "rum start," the Dumpling merely responded with a wink. To another, a little fluttered with drink, who affectionately insisted upon bearing him company whithersoever he was bound, the Dumpling offered just sufficient personal violence to disable him from doing anything of the sort, and, having at length shaken off his friends, strode away. It was at this time nearly half-past eleven.

The same evening Colonel Spurrier, commanding the gallant Hussar regiment at that time occupying Brighton barracks, had dined at the mess. The circumstance was not of frequent occurrence, the colonel being a married man, and having a house in Brunswick Square. During the meal a letter, bearing the police official seal, was delivered to him. The colonel read it with a serious look, but not till later in the evening did he communicate the contents to the officers present. It seemed that the authorities had been warned of the probability of a meeting of the chief promoters of discontent, at some spot near Brighton, and, fearing that the ordinary civil force might prove insufficient to effect the capture, the magistrates requested that a small military detachment might be held in readiness to act in case of need.

The colonel supplemented his information by issuing the necessary directions, and added that he should himself sleep in barracks that night, although, for the next two hours at least, he must unavoidably be absent.

"Perhaps," he added, smiling, as he threw on a cloak and lit his cigar, "I may bring back some information of the enemy's movements. I am not going into the town."

"Permit me, sir," said the young adjutant, "to recommend you not to go entirely unarmed. Your face is known, and if these lurking rascals are in earnest—"

"Well, well; lend me your pistols, Baird," said the colonel, and, thrusting them into his pocket, walked away.

The clock struck eleven as the sentry at the gate saw the colonel suddenly quit the high-road and strike across the rising grounds in rear of the barracks.

Another event of some interest had signalized this especial evening, the 9th of May, at Brighton. That admirable comedian, Mr. L., had wound up a starring engagement of six nights, with a benefit that attracted nearly all the play-going world of that gay watering-place. He had acted in three pieces with unsurpassable humor, marked, however, as the night drew on, with a haste and excitement unusual with him, and which did not escape the notice of his fellow-performers. He was perpetually glancing at his watch; fell into quite a passion at a trifling delay between the second and last pieces; ordered a fly to be in waiting at the stage-door, and, the moment the curtain fell (it was then full half-past eleven), threw himself, dressed as he was, into the vehicle, and, calling out "Patcham! quick!" drove furiously away, disregarding the very treasurer, who, with his hands full of notes and gold, stood prepared to settle accounts with the fortunate star, in order that the latter might start, as he proposed, early on the morrow.

The traveller who passes old Brighton church, and, crossing the top of the hill, takes a by-path on the right, leading in the direction of Patcham, would, thirty years ago, have traced the windings of a very pretty rural lane, bordered on the one hand by beech and chestnut trees, on the other by a high bank, beyond which cornfields stretched away in the direction of the Dyke downs. Half-way down the lane the path, widening for a few yards, left room for a rude seat, which was under the immediate shelter and protection of two large beech trees, so precisely similar in shape and size as to have imparted to the path in question the title of Twin-Tree Lane. It was, at the time of which we speak, a sequestered place enough, and was approachable alike from the high-road through Patcham, and from that which crosses the Old Church hill.

It was a few minutes only short of midnight, on the eventful 9th of May, that a lady, muffled in a cloak and hood, stopped her carriage at the entrance of Patcham, and, desiring the driver to await her return, struck across the fields to the left. The night was fair and still, with occasional bursts of radiance as the moon struggled from one blue-black cloudbank to another.

Whenever this occurred the lonely wanderer strained her eyes to the utmost, as if in search of some receding object, but seemingly in vain.

At last she paused, and gave a sudden sniff.

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in real thankfulness. "That is his pipe! I should know it among a thousand. He must be close before me."

In effect, she fancied she could discern her husband's form not far in advance, and, shrinking closer into the shadow of the hedge, she continued to follow him. At the mouth of what was apparently a wooded lane the guiding shape suddenly disappeared! Mrs. Horsfall hurried forward, and, pausing to listen, thought she could now hear both the step and voice of her husband. He was passing up the lane, evidently with one or more persons, but with little thought of danger, for she heard his frank laugh ring through the quiet air.

"If they should have betrayed him into some ambush!" thought the anxious wife. "He is so unsuspecting!"

The party ahead seemed to make a sudden halt. Instinctively, Mrs. Horsfall shrank toward the border of trees, and, in doing so, almost came in contact with a man who was stepping from them. Fortunately, she did not cry out, and the manner, unmistakably gentlemanly, in which the stranger tendered his apologies, at once disarmed her fears. He looked at her, however, with a little astonishment, hesitated, then, as if a thought had struck him, said—

"Is it possible—pray forgive me—that we are here on a similar errand? My name is Lileham, Charles Lileham, a minister of the church."

"Mine is Horsfall," said the lady, quickly. "I—I am in some anxiety about my husband, who is just before us, in company with I know not what dangerous and desperate men. Oh, what shall we do?"

"For the inoffensive character of *one*, at least, of his companions, I am prepared to answer," said the young clergyman, with a smile. "It is the Bishop of L., my uncle."

"The Bishop!"

"Of his business here at this hour, I am as completely ignorant as you apparently are of Mr. Horsfall's. I fear I am transgressing his wishes in following him thus closely."

"Hark! There are more voices!" exclaimed Mrs. Horsfall. "They seem raised in anger."

"In amusement, rather, if I mistake not," said Mr. Lileham. "But come: if you will accept my guidance, you shall see what is passing. They have assembled under those two large trees. Will you permit me to show you the way?"

Mrs. Horsfall assented. In less than ten minutes they had reached the point indicated by Mr. Lileham. A bright stream of moonlight was pouring right into the recess canopied by the twin trees, and made the singular party therein assembled distinctly visible. It was composed of five individuals, seated on the curved bench, engaged in earnest and animated discussion. In the centre might be recognized the reverend and stately form of the Bishop of L., immediately on whose right sat the Bradford Dumpling, supported in his turn by Mr. Newton Horsfall, of Cowling Priors, Herts. On the left of the prelate might be seen the familiar mirth-awakening lineaments of Mr. L., the celebrated low comedian, flanked by the commanding presence of Colonel Reginald Spurrier, of —th Hussars.

The subject of their conversation was manifestly of the deepest interest. Of what could they possibly be talking? And why—oh, why this mystery? Mrs. Horsfall saw that her companion was as puzzled as herself, and that his countenance had become very serious indeed.

Suddenly they saw the colonel start to his feet. A horse-tramp approached from below, and his quick ear had been the first to catch the sound.

"I fear we are suspected," he said, aloud. "Listen. I thought so. They are upon us from both sides!"

And in truth, next moment, an armed horse-patrol rode in from either side, and halted in the front of the party beneath the trees.

"Pleasant night, gentlemen," said the first patrol. "Curious time, though, to be sittin' here, ain't it?"

Mr. Horsfall conceded, in the name of himself and friends, that it *might* seem a curious time, but at the same time, inquired what business that was of the officer's?

"My business is to obey orders, that's all," replied the man. "And one of 'em is to perwent any gatherings at night we don't know the meaning of. It's our duty, gentlemen, to demand your names and ockipations, preparatory to requesting you to move on."

"The man is right," said the bishop. "I could have wished it otherwise, but the fault is our own. My friend, I am a churchman. My name is S., Doctor S., Bishop of L."

"Wery likely," was the reply. "And this here gent" (pointing to the Dumpling), "he's the Lord Mayor of London, I suppose?"

"Come, my man, you are mistaken," said Colonel Spurrier, striding out into the full moonlight. "If you are unacquainted with the face of the reverend gentleman, perhaps you know mine?"

He took off his hat.

"Colonel Spurrier!" cried the men, saluting.

"This is Mr. Horsfall, a magistrate of Hertfordshire," resumed the colonel. "My other two friends are already known to you."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said the patrol. "There was notice give, you see, of a hillegal meeting to-night, near Brighton, and seeing parties pinting this way, we thought we was down upon 'em. Whatever *you* was a-doing here's best known to yourselves."

"Stay," said the bishop; "I feel that some fuller explanation is needed. Whatever jesting comments our meeting may provoke, I for one am content to bear them, for the pleasure it has afforded me. Have I your permission, gentlemen, to state the facts?"

Every one consenting, the bishop continued:

"We five whom you find assembled here were in early youth schoolmates at an establishment situated at no great distance from the spot on which we stand. Twin-Tree Lane, as I find it is still called, was a favorite half-holiday resort. Here we discussed our school affairs, or speculated upon the wide, uncertain future that awaited us in the tumult of the world. The death of our excellent master caused the sudden dispersion of the school, and it was on the evening before the general departure that we five, sitting together under our favorite trees, entered into a solemn agreement to meet, if God permitted, that day *thirty* years, at the same spot at midnight, with the purpose of declaring how Providence had hitherto dealt with us in our several ways of life, and comparing our actual experiences with the brilliant hopes of boyhood.

"So far asunder have our duties separated us (I myself for some years presided over a colonial see, and my friend, Colonel Spurrier, has served in India) that for the whole period of thirty years no two of us have ever met together, nor, indeed, so far as I am aware, held communication of any sort. It was a doubt with me whether every member of the party had not long since forgotten this boyish compact. There were also the difficulties that might have arisen, if remembered, in keeping it. But the solemnity with which it was made had left upon my mind, as it did upon others, an abiding impression. My pledge had been given and never withdrawn. I thought of the possibility of one of us at least, faithful to his word, groping his way hither in the faint hope of grasping an old friend's hand, and finding only darkness and a void. I was altogether wrong and mistrustful; here we are, all five, grateful for many mercies, cordially rejoicing to have met again; and, if our vocations in life have been widely diverse, I may, I think, say with truth, that we have wrought in them with honesty and singleness of purpose, without wrong to any, in thought, word, or deed. You are satisfied, my friends?"

The officer bowed, and apologizing for their interference, prepared to move on.

"Not a word," said the bishop; "you have only done your duty. Good-night, and may you meet with no less loyal and peaceable men than you have surprised here."

"Here are two more watchers to be forgiven," said a voice familiar to the bishop, as two figures, male and female, suddenly descended into the road, and Mrs. Horsfall, bathed in tears, threw herself into the arms of her astonished husband, while Mr. Lileham, in a few words, explained the anxiety which had prompted their pursuit. Anger was out of the question; a general laugh announced that all was forgiven. Only the bishop attempted to frown, and that was a failure.

Kind Words.

They never blister the tongue nor lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and it makes it blaze more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush for all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

☞ "It is bad breeding," says an English work, "to abstain from taking the last piece on a dish, because it implies a contempt on your part for the resources of your entertainers. Are you to suppose for a moment that they have no more of the same in the house?"

GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 16, 1869.

Dear Post:—From Telegraph Hill, so called because here was formerly given from the watch-tower the old-fashioned signal to announce the coming of ships, a fine bird's eye view of this "New York of the Pacific coast" may be obtained. It requires some pretty heavy climbing to reach the point, yet one is amply repaid for the effort. Come up there in imagination now with me, and gazing downwards let us trace the outlines of the city.

On the Eastern slope of a peninsula of hills belonging to the Pacific coast range is spread the city of San Francisco. This peninsula is bounded on the West by the mighty Pacific, overlooking oriental climes and suggestive of many a fruitful topic; and on the East by the great Bay, one of the finest harbors in the world, extending fifty miles to the south, thirty to the northeast, and being from six to twelve miles in width. And from the ocean to this bay vessels pass through the Golden Gate, which is literally a strait cleft through the coast range, and which bounds the northern point of the peninsula where we stand upon Telegraph Hill.

The Golden Gate produces an extremely picturesque effect, and the approach to the city through it must be peculiarly pleasing. It is strongly fortified, as are also several islands in the bay. Turning back again to the city we observe that it extends down the slope of hills over level ground into the bay. Much of this is new-made ground, formed by casting the extensive heaps of sand which formerly occupied the site of San Francisco into the water. And upon this new-made ground it is that the greatest havoc was made by the recent earthquake.

A never-failing theme of conversation is furnished here by the earthquakes. Efforts are made to build earthquake-proof houses; as yet, I believe, frame houses are found the safest. Therefore the majority of handsome residences even are of frame, yet they are beautifully and tastefully finished, many of them having pretty flower gardens in front. Hotels and other fine public buildings are of stone and iron, and the former in especial may be said to bid defiance to rivalry from the hotels of our older cities. The Cosmopolitan, Occidental, Lick House, and Russ House are all magnificent hotels; they all suffered pretty severely from the effects of the last earthquake shock, but all traces of this have been long since removed.

The favorite drive of San Francisco is out to the Cliff House, overlooking the Ocean and Seal Rock. It is a point of decided interest, and I found it highly entertaining to watch the great lazy seals whose yellow forms completely covered the rock upon which they delight to bask. The tide was coming in, and as it began to break over the rock, it caused the greatest confusion amidst Gen. Butler and his comrade seals. They set up a howling like the baying of dogs when against their will washed from their pleasant haunts, and struggled with the waves to regain their hold. It is desperately funny to watch a seal ride the waves, its movements are not the most graceful in the world. Besides Seal Rock there is another rock still larger than it, which is always completely studded with sea birds. They flit to and fro without ceasing, causing a scene of endless commotion. Down upon the beach was life of a different character, a busy group of children playing with the waves as they floated in to shore. The picture was a pleasing one I beheld from the porch of the Cliff House. Finally I, too, went down upon the beach, and walked for the first time upon the sands of the Pacific.

The route to the Cliff House passes Lone Mountain. This is a handsomely laid out, well kept cemetery, possessing many costly monuments. Within sight is the Catholic burying ground, in front of which, upon a lofty hill overlooking the sea, is erected a solitary cross of huge proportions. This cross is visible for miles around.

One of the gems of San Francisco is Woodward's Garden. This is an exquisite park of sloping ground, in size probably equal to two of our Philadelphia squares. It abounds in ornamental groves of the native live oak, which with its knotty, gnarled trunk and stems, not unsimilar to the roots of other trees, and its oddly spreading branches, reminds one as it stands in groups of a banyan tree. About the entrance is a zoological department, containing an admirable collection of birds and animals from all parts of the world, amongst them a fine specimen of the native grizzly. A boarded way under the street leads to an opposite enclosure, containing a large amphitheatre, where exhibitions and open air concerts are held. A pathway up the hill leads to the conservatories, where is a truly fine display of exotic plants and fruits. There is also in the grounds a museum, said to contain over 10,000 specimens of zoology, ornithology, Alcholic collections, Indian relics, etc., and an Art Gallery with a really creditable supply of statuary and paintings by foreign and home artists. Within the enclosure is also a very pretty lake, while beside the oak there are an abundance of various ornamental trees and numerous flowers.

August is said to be the most unpleasant month of the year in San Francisco. The trade winds are now blowing in from the north, and some days are really wintry. Strangers are always struck by the variety of costume encountered at this season in the streets; while the uninitiated among new-comers are attired in summer array, old residents and those familiar with the climate have donned their winter coats, and the ladies are wrapped in furs. Winters here are mild and pleasant, they tell me—then a mild, balmy breeze is wafted in from the south, rendering the atmosphere delicious.

Directly opposite San Francisco, across the Bay, lies the rapidly-growing city of Oakland. Among the many points of interest which may be embraced in a drive through this place, are Dr. Merritt's grounds, which are thrown open for visitors to pass through. This property embraces an extent of some fifty acres—and besides being provided with sixteen thousand fruit trees, has numerous groves of cypress and other ornamental trees, many of them of foreign extraction. The owner has been highly instrumental in the growth of Oakland—has built numerous houses himself from his own architectural designs; and has laid out and built up an entire street back of his own residence. The fruit trees are so arranged, that as the grounds are divided off into building lots, each house erected will be provided with its own orchard. At the extreme end of the place is a handsome lake formed from an arm of the Bay, covering an extent of some three hundred acres. Around it a drive is being now formed, eight or ninety feet in width, and embracing a circuit of five miles. This is undoubtedly a great acquisition to Oakland. Dr. Merrit's own dwelling is a very tasteful, pretty house, handsomely furnished, and well-laden with works of art and virtu, brought by the owner from abroad.

Mr. Colfax and party are now here, but although they meet with enthusiastic greetings from a large circle of warm personal friends, there has been since the first night of their arrival no more public noise and excitement than there was upon Admiral Farragut's arrival here. The fact is celebrities have become so common on this coast people are tired of the public display they delighted to make in the days when they were a novelty.

Other distinguished guests of San Francisco at the present date, are General Tom Thumb and wife, and Commodore Nutt, and Miss Minnie Warren. I rode over to Colfax station from Grass Valley, on top the stage coach, with the small men of this curious little party, the tiny ladies rode in the inside of the coach, and I grew quite interested in them during the ride. They fell into conversation with myself and other passengers, asked many questions about the peculiar phases of the country through which we were passing, the mines, etc., talked of their overland trip, and displayed altogether astonishing intelligence for such wee folks. The little General affects the sedate and dignified, while the little Commodore is overflowing with wit and humor, but neither ever lose an opportunity of joking upon their own diminutiveness. The most comic scene of the whole ride, took place at the point where the stage drivers stop to water their horses. Here the little General had alighted to partake of some refreshments, and when it came time to resume his seat upon the lofty stage-coach, one of the passengers, a remarkably tall, strongly-built man, stepping up with a most profound obeisance, said: "Sir, I desire extremely the honor of lifting you on to that stage-coach." "Well, sir," said small Tom, with the same air of mock solemnity, "I should be most delighted to give you that honor." As the gentleman lifted him up with one hand, professing to groan beneath the weight, Commodore Nutt cried out: "You will have a lame back for that lift." And when the gentleman gave way to a hearty burst of laughter, Tom Thumb gravely remarked: "That gentleman has a great fund of humor." The whole thing was decidedly rich.

The trip to this place from our starting point, by the valley's route, is a pleasant one. Passing through the rich wheat and vine lands of the Sacramento valley, I was stirred with new reflection of enthusiasm about California. At each station lay an almost fabulous number of sacks of wheat to be carried to Vallejo for shipment. The best California wheat land yields sixty bushels per acre. Just now, when owing to the tightness of the money market, much valuable land is offered for sale at marvellously reasonable prices, there is a splendid opening for rising and energetic young men. Companies are being rapidly formed to advance all agricultural interests, yet there is room and brilliant prospects for all who choose to come and labor in this department, for many a long day. In passing along the route from which I am digressing, I was deeply interested in the vineyards I saw. Vines set out in long rows like corn, trimmed like low shrubs, and laden with luxuriant crops, have a curious appearance to one who has only seen grapes growing on a climbing vine.

California vineyards may be ranked among the "big things" of the state. The largest vineyard here I am told has an extent of 420 acres, while 200 and thereabouts is a common size. I appreciate this size from having seen it recorded that the largest of the famous vineyards of Europe do not exceed from 70 to 150 acres. The marvellous variety of climate throughout the state renders it possible to grow an immense variety of grapes and other fruits. It is a most interesting sight in passing through the city markets to see luscious white grapes, such as we only have at our confectioners, together with splendid dark grapes, plums, apricots, nectarines, pears, peaches, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, etc., all offered for sale at once in the same season at reasonable prices. In fact since my arrival I have never ceased to wonder at and enjoy California fruit.

Approaching Vallejo we came upon the foot hills of the coast range; and here we have cause to note a curious phenomenon. These hills for hundreds of miles are completely covered with a rich growth of wild oats. How they came there no one knows, but there they are, and at many points I saw harvesters appropriating the native crops. Opposite the wharf at which we take the boat is Mare Island, where is situated the United States Navy Yard. These islands in the bay seem all to be abrupt peaks rising out of the water. At a little distance they are very deceptive in regard to size; my attention was called to one in especial, through whose rocks, by-the-way, runs a strong vein of manganese, which I was told covered an extent of 20 acres, and which I should never have imagined embraced more than two or three. It was dark when we reached our destination, and through the lights sparkling on the hill I got my first glimpse of this city, whose points of interest, such at least as I have had an opportunity of observing myself, I have endeavored to present to you.

I promised to tell you of Grass Valley and vicinity, but there is so much to be recorded it must be reserved for another letter. Sacramento, I should have mentioned in referring to my route here, I merely passed through, but hope at the time of the State Fair to make its acquaintance.

AUBER FORESTIER.

☞ The following passage from Mrs. Stowe's Lady Byron's story is rich enough for fiction: "She (Mrs. Stowe) wrote to Lady Byron that while this *act of justice* did seem to be called for, and to be in some respects most desirable, yet as it would involve so much that was painful to *her*, she (Mrs. Stowe) considered that Lady Byron would be *entirely justifiable* in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death." One can hardly persuade himself, in reading the above, that he is not reading a paragraph from one of Dickens's novels.

☞ The Empress Eugenie has met with a rebuff from a man of little pills. She wanted a homeopathic physician, and wished him to come up the back-stairs, to spare the feelings of the regular allopath. The "similia similibus" man flatly refused the private ascent, to the infinite amazement of her Majesty.

Robinson Crusoe.

The Antiquarian Society of Scotland have just received a donation to their museum of two interesting articles, which cannot fail to be attractive, especially to juvenile visitors and all who have read—and who has not? Defoe's world-wide story of Robinson Crusoe. The relics consist of the sea-chest, and a carved cocoanut cup, which were the property of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe. These were with him in his solitary residence on Juan Fernandes, and were brought home with him when taken off the island by Captain Woodes Rodgers. They were used by Selkirk while he lived in Largo after his return to his native place. The chest contained his clothes, &c., and when he went off from Largo, were left with his descendants, where they remained till the death of one of them a few years ago, when they were sold to a gentleman in London. They were recently placed in the hands of Mr. Chapman, of Hanover street, for disposal, and have been purchased by Sir David Baxter, who, with his usual generosity, has presented them to the Society of Antiquarians of Scotland. The chest is made of a species of mahogany, and has Selkirk's initials rudely carved on it and what seems to have been his number in the ship. The cup was carved by Selkirk while on the island, and was mounted in silver at one time; but having been carried off by a peddler, for some months no trace of it could be got, till it was returned from Perth without its silver stem, for which a wooden one had been substituted. The edge has a silver band with an inscription on it. Only three other relics of Selkirk are known to be in existence. His musket is in possession of a gentleman in Fife, his brown-ware can is in Edinburgh, and his walking-stick is in the museum at Coulter Mains.—*Scotsman.*

Effect of Salt on the Blood.

Dr. Stevens, a Scotch physician and surgeon, saw a butcher killing a pig. He *observed* that he stirred the blood of the animal and added a handful of common salt to it while stirring, which immediately made it crimson, and on the stirring being discontinued the blood remained fluid. The change of the color of the blood awakened his curiosity. The butcher could give no explanation of the phenomenon, except that it kept it from jellying and spoiling. Dr. Stevens seized a vessel, caught some blood, and made several experiments by putting salt in it, and found that the blackest blood was instantly changed to a bright vermillion by salt. "Oh!" said he, "here is a fact which may lead to a practical rule." He had *observed* in cases of yellow fever in the army, that the blood drawn was very black and fluid, and on adding salt it became vermillion, and retained its freshness; whereas putridity of the blood is one of the characteristics of the yellow fever. He therefore abandoned the usual mode of treating it, and gave his patients a mixture of various salts, and in a very short time reduced the mortality of fever in the West Indies from one in five to one in fifty.

☞ Never tell your secrets in a cornfield, for it has a thousand ears.

☞ A sailor complained of the power of the captains, and spoke bitterly of the character of the skippers of the day. "Why," said he, "not long ago on the coast of Afriker, a cap'n was going to throw one o' the crew that was dying overboard, before he was dead. So the man says: 'You ain't going to bury me alive, are you?' 'Oh, says the captain, '*you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes!*'"

☞ An old French Countess of the most exquisite politeness, was about to breathe her last, when she received a call from an acquaintance ignorant of her mortal illness. The answer sent down from the chamber of the departing sufferer was memorably unique: "The Countess de Rouen sends her compliments to Madame de Calais, but begs to be excused, as she is engaged in dying."

☞ A lady in this city recently declined the offer of a gentleman, on the ground that he had no taste for arranging his necktie.

☞ Miles O'Reilley's poems have sold so well that his widow gets a comfortable little fortune from the sales.

☞ There is a cornfield in Benton county, Indiana, of 7,000 acres, in good condition and growing splendidly. It is to be found on the farm of Adams Earl, Esq., who resides in Lafayette. Messrs. Earle and Fowler have a farm of 30,000 acres in Benton county in one body, well watered, and with permanent improvements, having 140 miles of hedge fence and 65 miles of board fence, 30 dwelling-houses for tenants, 3 blacksmith shops, &c. To cultivate the corn lands 160 one and two-horse ploughs are kept in daily use, and on the pasture lands 4,100 head of cattle are now feeding for the New York market, and will be shipped this Fall by rail. Messrs. Earl and Fowler give their supervision to the farm, besides attending to their separate interests, the former a jobbing merchant, and the latter a broker. With the late improvements of farm machinery and harvesting improvements, they are enabled to keep the model farm in good condition, and from present appearances the balance sheet will be on the right side, as heretofore.

☞ A cook advertises in a New York paper for a situation in a family as high in society as a lord's family in Europe.

☞ The Chinamen wash for fifteen cents a dozen. Chicago is organizing a laundry for them.

☞ It has been practically proved that wherever the sunflower is extensively grown on low lands, marsh fever is almost unknown.

☞ It is a great motive for tolerance to reflect that the men who differ from you most in opinion may most resemble you in nature—may be most like you in heart and soul. Many a theologian, in former days, has helped to burn a man who was almost to him a second self; whereas he left unmolested the worldly man who, differing from him in all the deeper emotions of the soul, did not care to differ from him in matters of religious opinion.

☞ The superstitious people are in trouble because 1869 commences and ends on Friday, which will make it an unlucky year.

☞ Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence, at Ypsilanti, Michigan, by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment: "Oh! he reads it well enough; but darned if I believe he wrote it."

☞ A New Orleans paper says that a young widow in that city, who writes well, is "training herself for an editor." We hope that we are not the editor she is training herself for.—*Lou. Courier.*

London.

The area of London, including the villages in the suburbs, amounts to 78,000 acres, or very nearly 122 square miles. This is London as defined by the Registrar General of vital statistics, and includes Hampstead, Kentish Town, and Stoke Newington on the north; Wandsworth, Norwood and Sydenham on the south; Bow, Poplar and Greenwhich on the east; and Kensington, Hammersmith and Fulham on the west. On this area, including these suburbs, stand over 400,000 inhabited houses, with an average of nearly eight persons to a house, giving a mean density of forty persons to each acre. The population of London, in 1868, is only based on estimates, no census having been taken since 1861; but by taking the average annual increase which prevailed between 1841 and 1861, it is believed that the number of inhabitants amounts to 3,126,635 souls. The county rate of assessment of 1866, placed the annual income derived from property in London at £76,309,995. The elevation of London varies from eleven feet below high water mark to four hundred and twenty-nine feet above high water mark at Hampstead. The population reside at a mean elevation of thirty-nine feet above high water mark. After Hampstead, the most considerable elevations in London are Shooter's Hill, four hundred and eleven feet, and Sydenham Hill, three hundred and sixty feet above high water mark.

Useful Hints.

A bit of glue dissolved in skim milk will restore crape.

Ribbons of every kind should be washed in cold suds and not rinsed.

If your flat-irons are rough rub them with fine salt, and it will make them perfectly smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of a door will prevent its creaking.

Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will prevent the cracking of a stove.

Strong lye put in water will make it soft as rain water.

Half a cranberry, it is said, bound on a corn will soon kill it.

☞ A Leavenworth M. D. inspired life into a newly born infant, apparently dead, after two hours' effort. He thinks that all still-born babies should be similarly treated.

☞ Clara (looking at the bonnets, etc.): "Don't you think they are very handsome?" Amy (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street): "Very; 'specially the one with the black moustache."

☞ When Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Academy his discovery of the central sun (the star on which the orb of day and its planetary attendants revolve,) a waggish member exclaimed:—"What! our sun's sun! Why, that must be a grand sun!"

☞ The Grand Duke of Baden is seriously ill. A pair of slippers has been ordered for the army, that it may not disturb the invalid, while it is on guard.—*London Fun.*

☞ A Californian Chinaman having been shown by his mistress how to make a pudding containing three eggs, but having seen her throw one bad egg away, continued for months after, whenever he made the pudding, to use four eggs, regularly breaking, examining, and throwing one away, as he had seen her do.

☞ Success in life is very apt to make us forget the time when we wasn't much. It is just so with a frog on a jump; he can't remember when he was a tadpole, but other folks can.

☞ Father Goodwin, of New Haven, considering that he is old, nearly blind, and that bread in the future will be worth more to him than books, invites "politicians, antiquarians, historians, and others," to buy his six hundred scrap-books, which he has made in the past sixteen years, from newspapers.

☞ There are sixteen portraits of Mary Queen of Scots in the British National Gallery in London, each of them unlike all the others in every detail of feature and complexion.

☞ That was a laughable occurrence at Davenport, Ia., of a husband's taking magnesia and making his wife think it was poison. She had him stomach-pumped within an inch of his life, in spite of his explanations to the physician.

☞ The drinking, smoking and chewing of the laboring men in New York costs them $6,720,000 per annum.

☞ A steamboat captain on one of the lakes was recently feeling his way along in the dark, when the look-out ahead cried out, "Schooner without a light." It was a narrow escape, and as the steamer passed the schooner, the captain demanded: "What are you doing with your infernal schooner here in the dark without a light?" To his dismay, the skipper, who was a Frenchman, answered, "Vat se diable you do here vis your ole steamboat in three feet of water, eh?" and just then the steamer landed high and dry on a sand bank.

☞ It has been suggested that the great absentee proprietors of Irish soil would do good to Ireland if they were to go there, and during the next autumn and winter, reside upon their estates. The answer to that suggestion which the generality of them make is, "I'll be shot if I do."—*London Punch.*

I HAVE thought
A brother's and a sister's love was much;
But the affection of a loving child
For a fond father, gushing as it does
With the sweet springs of life, and living on
Through all earth's changes, like a principle,
Chastened with reverence, and made more pure
By early discipline of light and shade,
It must be holier.—*Willis.*

☞ "Father," asked a little three-year old the other day, at dinner, of his papa, "what is it that makes the lightning?" "You can't understand it now," was the answer; "I'll tell you when you get a little older," and the father went to his avocation. In the evening he returned, and the young hopeful, climbing upon his knee, said to him, "Papa, I know now what makes the lightning. It is God scratching matches against the sky!"

☞ "Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Vell, de first night I opens store I count de moneys, and finds him nix right. I counts him and dere be tree dollars gone, and vat does yer tink I does then?" "I cannot say." "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he come out shust right ever since."

☞ Beauty devoid of grace is like a hook without bait.

Twice a Day.

All students; all professional men whose life is sedentary, as lawyers, ministers, editors, etc.; all teachers; all women who sew for a living, or work in factories; all dyspeptics; all persons who are subject to derangement of the liver, and all persons who are predisposed to consumption would do very much towards the restoration or the preservation of their health, by eating food twice a day only instead of eating three times a day as the usual practice is. There is no so powerful recuperator or preserver of the human system as quiet, natural, refreshing sleep, and in order to have its best effect sleep must be taken on an empty stomach.

Persons who eat within three or four hours of the time of retiring, go to bed with undigested food still in the stomach, or else the stomach is fatigued from having just completed the work of digestion. Under such circumstances persons almost invariably have troublesome forms of nightmare or are restless, nervous or feverish; or if they are thinkers, they are unable to discontinue thought and their brains are excited and disturbed during the hours of sleep. Whereas, if the last meal is eaten so early as two or three o'clock in the afternoon and the person retires at 9 or 10 o'clock, the food has been thoroughly digested and the stomach, as well as the other organs of the body, is free and quiet and the person can immediately pass into refreshing sleep, during which the work of *assimilating* the food is completed, and wholesome blood, strong muscles and a clear brain on waking is the result. Two meals of wholesome food in twenty-four hours are sufficient to sustain and nourish the body of any person past ten years of age. To any person not habitually engaged in very active muscular labor the third meal is a source of weakness rather than of strength. Add to the health gained the time and strength saved to women by the two meal system, and it becomes a reform of very great significance and value. —*Laws of Life.*

☞ Cornelius Vanderbilt was born May 27, 1794, and he is therefore in his seventy-sixth year. His bride is about thirty.

☞ The rate of first-class passengers from Calcutta to Delhi, 1,015 miles, is $48, an example for the Pacific railroads.

☞ COLLEGE LEARNING.—Henry Ward Beecher says:—College learning is very much like snow, and the more a man has of it the less can the soil produce. It's not till practical life melts it that the ground yields anything. Men get over it quicker in some kinds of business than in others. The college sticks longest on ministers and school-teachers; next, to lawyers; not much to doctors, and none at all to merchants and gentlemen.

☞ A shopkeeper of Pesth shot himself with a pistol, having previously written to a friend that "Life is insupportable. I adore my wife, but she is grown so stout—she that was of so ravishing a figure when I married her!"

☞ Richmond, Indiana, has just passed an ordinance commanding that "in case of the death of any policeman he shall immediately deliver his emblems and other insignia of office to the Mayor."

☞ Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both and is more bewitching than either.

☞ A Chicago husband seeks divorce because his wife has a habit of beating him with broomsticks, cracking his head with iron bars, throwing tumblers at him, and kicking him out of bed. A steady persistence in such treatment of a husband is almost certain to lead to "unpleasantness" in the conjugal state. Blows "on the head with an iron bar" may be excused, but when it comes to the "kicking out of bed" (with perhaps the thermometer at zero) it should be considered pretty certain indication of a "growing coldness" on the part of the feminine; and the best way is to get right up.

☞ Recent experiments in France have shown that a message on a telegraph wire travels several thousand times faster than does sensation through the nerves of animal organisms. The time for electricity to pass through one hundred feet of wire is so small that it can hardly be estimated; but were a whale one hundred feet long wounded in the tail, one second would elapse before the brain would be conscious of it, and another second before the tail could be made to lash in response to the injury.

☞ Sturgis, McAllister & Co., of Chicago, state that up to July 20, the receipts of wool at Chicago during that month was over 600,000 pounds less than for the same time last year. They learn that the stock held in the West is extremely light.

☞ A droll affair occurred at Santiago a short time ago. An unfortunately betrayed and much wronged lady applied to the ecclesiastical court for a divorce from her husband on the ground that he was a woman. An inquiry was instituted to ascertain the facts, and the complaint of the wife was found correct.

☞ "John, where was your minister's text last Sunday?" "Let me see, I believe it was in the ——. Oh! confound my short memory, I can't recollect the place, but the words were, 'Sleep on now, and take your rest.'" "What did he make of that, John?" "I don't know, faith; but he's continually been telling us that truth is always practical, so thinks I to myself I'll take you at your word for once, and may I be shot if I waked up till after the Amen!"

☞ A little shaver going through the streets of Bridgeport with his father on Sunday, met a dog with a muzzle over his mouth, when the father said, "What has the dog got on?" The youngster replied, "I guess it's a little hoopskirt."

☞ When a maiden gets married she ends a miss spent life.

☞ Old Billy W——— was dying. He was an ignorant man, and a very wicked one. Dr. D———, an excellent physician, and a very pious man, was attending him. The old fellow asked for bread. The doctor approached the bedside, and in a very solemn tone remarked, "My dear fellow, man cannot live by bread alone." "No," said the old fellow, slightly reviving, "he's bleedged to have a few vegetables." The subject was dropped.

☞ HER AGE.—A gentleman one day indiscreetly asked a female friend how old she was. She reflected. "Let me see; I was 18 when I was married, and my husband was 30; now he is twice 30, that is 60; so, of course, I am twice 18, that is 36."

Dr. Parish's Inebriate Asylum.

In combatting that terrific vice, intemperance, which worse than war or pestilence, threatens the destruction of our young generation, Dr. Parish has wisely accepted the teaching of all experience, and starts with the fundamental principle that, as cures for inebriety, all cruelty, personal correction, physical violence, harsh treatment of whatever kind, are not only useless in themselves, but in the vast majority of cases they absolutely tend to increase and aggravate the very propensity they were intended to correct. He recognizes the much-ignored fact, that the only effective mentor to sermonize an inebriate should be found in the awakened conscience of that inebriate himself, roused to a sense of his own degradation and spurred by a determination to recover his own lost manliness; and that the only effective asylum for such an individual, is one to which he comes voluntarily, seeking assistance to work out his own reformation. Now this is just exactly what Dr. Parrish's institution is intended for—to extend to fallen humanity a supporting crutch, not a belaboring cudgel. The doctor has gallantly developed this theory in the face of manifold opposition, with what success I leave the reader to determine.

"My establishment," he exclaimed, emphatically, "is no prison, no insane asylum: my young men are free to go where they please and when they please; nor do I wish them to feel under any restraint, except such as may be self-imposed by their own desire to benefit themselves and gratify me. If they wish to leave me, they are free to do so. I will not act the ignominious part of turnkey. While they stay with me I trust to their honor that they will not infringe any of my regulations."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ Why are the girls in Missouri always sweet? Because they are Mo. lasses.

PAPA forbids my loving more
The gentle, modest Theodore:
Yet often says the precept given
To "love thy neighbor" came from Heaven.
And must not that dear youth be one?
I'm sure *his house adjoins our own!*

☞ At the Longchamps races many members of the French Jockey Club wore gold bracelets, some of them exquisitely set with diamonds. It is difficult to discover how the custom originated, but in default of a better explanation, it is said that the wife of a member of the jockey club, on her death-bed, sent for him and entreated him to wear her bracelet *in memoriam.* He consented, and has worn it ever since, and the other members of the club, thinking it a freak of fashion, followed his example.

☞ An Iowa editor says his circulation and family are increasing uncommonly and gratifyingly fast.

☞ An ingenious fellow in New Haven has been fined for cutting a hole in the hat of a sleeping neighbor, during sermon time.

☞ In China secret societies offer rewards for the murder of foreigners. A dead Yankee is good for forty dollars.

☞ The *guillotine* was first known as the *Louison* or *Louisette*, and did not obtain its present name until some time after its invention. It was *Les Artes des Apotres*, an organ of the royalists, that first sarcastically applied the name it has since retained. Dr. Guillotin had nothing to do with the invention of the machine. Its name was derived from his merely from the fact that he was the first to propose a change in the mode of capital punishment as it existed in his time; that is, he proposed to obviate the use of the axe or the sword. It was Dr. Antoine Lewis (in 1792) who gave the first plan for a *guillotine*, and it was accordingly to his ideas that the first was erected by Schmidt, a German mechanic. It is said that Dr. Guillotin, "by a singular coincidence, was the first victim of his own invention." Wrong. The learned physician died a natural death, March 26, 1814, in Paris. During the Reign of Terror he was imprisoned, but he was afterwards released. The first victim of the *guillotine* was a celebrated robber, named Pelletier.

☞ Our Daniel says proof enough can be seen that people now-a-days don't live so well nor so long as in olden times, in the fact that we don't find any very old folks but what were born a great while ago. He says that the present age has never furnished 'em, and he don't believe it can. If it could, why don't it?

Dan'l is one of 'em—he is.

☞ A queer incident occurred "under the linden," in Frankfort, some weeks ago. A bridegroom was missing when the marriage procession formed, and after a long search was discovered in the top of a linden tree. The guests, the bride and her father all assembled beneath it, beseeching him to come down, but he would not, and did not, until the father-in-law that was to be had drawn up and signed a settlement transferring certain lands to the delinquent groom. The settlement had long been agreed upon, but had been deferred again and again, until finally the cunning groom took the above method of obtaining it. After that was done all went off smoothly. The groom descended from his perch, kissed the tears from the cheek of the sobbing bride, and lastly led her to the altar.

☞ The newest thing under the sun in an agricultural way is grafting potatoes, which is done by cutting the eyes out of one and inserting those of another in their place.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Market dull. Sales of 8000 bbls at $5@5,50 for superfine; $5,50@6 for extras, $6,50@7,75 for low grades and choice fresh ground extra family; $6@7,25 for prime extra family, $7@8 for Indiana and Ohio extra family, and $8,25@10 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $5,37½@5,50.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off; sales of 30,000 bus new Southern red at $1,44@1,60; 28,000 bus Penna red at $1,50@1,57; 38,000 bus Western red at $1,42@1,58; 10,000 bus white at $1,60@1,70, and 8000 bus old red at $1,45@1,52; $1,45@1,50 for Penna red, and $1,47@1,50 for Western red. Rye; sales of 3000 bus old Penna and Western at $1,16@1,18, and 2000 bus new Southern at $1,10@1,13. Corn; sales comprise about 60,000 bus Western mixed at $1,12@1,18, and 26,000 bus prime Penna and southern yellow at $1,18@1,20 ₩ bus. Oats; 30,000 bus sold at 54@57c for new Southern; 56@58c for new Penna, and 65@67c for old Western and Penna.

COTTON—The market is dull. Sales of 800 bales, at 34½@35c for Middling Upland, and 35@35½c for Gulf; and 18 bales of new Savannah at 35@36c ₩ lb.

BARK—80 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $36 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 43@44c ₩ lb.

FEATHERS—Prime lots sell at 80@85c.

HAY—Sales Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,35@1,35; Mixed do $1,05@1,10; Straw $1,15@1,25.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 5¾@9 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—9600 head were disposed of at from 4@6c ₩ lb. 7700 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

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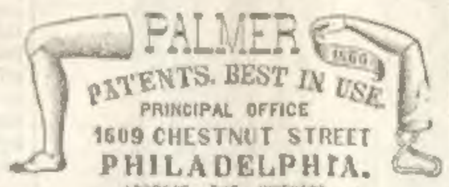

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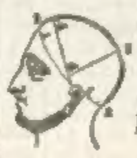

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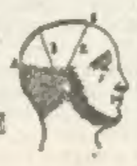

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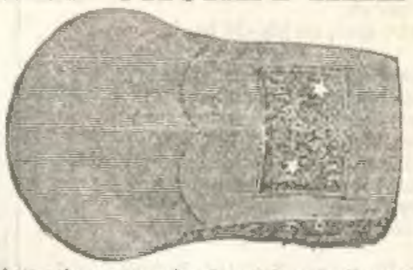

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE MIGHTY DEEP.

A Halibut sang to his lady-love,
A Mackerel under the sea,
The while he played on his light banjo,
"Oh, come and live with me!"
The deep, blue waters were rolling
Beneath them and above,
But more fiercely rolled his glassy eye
As thus he sang to his love:

"I know," sang he, "of waters far
Less salt and briny than these,
Where we can swim or not, and do
Exactly what we please;
Let us fly from here to-morrow, my dear,
And a life of love begin—
You stole my fond heart long ago,
And I offer you my fin!"

And the little Mackerel looked askance,
And trembled in every bone;
She confessed, with a tear, that she worshipped him
And lived for his love alone;
She further promised, the following morn,
To the place he mentioned to go,
And the Halibut struck up a wedding march,
On the spot, on his old banjo.

"Heave ho!" the fishermen sang,
Captains and crews and cooks;
"Heave ho!" and down they sent
Their lines and baited hooks;
"I'm hungry," the little Mackerel said,
"And I'll take one little bite
To stay my stomach, for I shan't sleep,
I'm so very nervous to-night."

The Halibut came for his lady-love,
And he looked like a gay young swell;
But she, on the fishing vessel's deck,
Lay a lifeless Mackerel.
He searched every nook and corner,
He fondly called her by name,
But nothing but mocking echoes
To his ear for answers came!

Then frantically, to and fro,
The startled Halibut flew!
As the hours sped by and he found her not,
More scared and frantic he grew!
Till at last he met her sister,
With her eyes full of briny tears,
And the tale she told of his true-love's fate
Confirmed his terrible fears!

And ever after, on lovely nights,
When other fish are asleep,
That broken-hearted Halibut
Doth his ceaseless vigils keep:
No longer he tunes his old banjo
To strains of love, they say,
But funeral airs and other things
Of a similar kind doth play.

His cheeks are hollow, his form is thin,
(He used to be sleek and fat)
He mourns by night and he mourns by day,
And he wears a weed on his hat;
Once he kept the best of company,
Was tasty in his dress,
But now of prevailing fashions
He knows little, and cares much less!

In vain his father, a hearty old sport,
Endeavors his spirits to raise;
He neglects his food and has taken to drink,
And is ruined in various ways.
His mother tells him there's other fish
As fair as she doth swim,
But he beats his head and flaps his fins,
And says they're nothing to him!

Early Piety.

A little girl, a hundred thousand miles or less distant from Hartford, was rebuked by her mother for her fondness in killing flies. The little one had acquired great dexterity in this employment, and was so much occupied in it that the parent found she was growing into a spirit of cruelty. Calling the child to her side one day, she said in a sad tone, "Mary, dear, don't you know that God loves the little flies?" Mary seemed to hear the words as though they suggested a great many new ideas. She stood by her mother's side for some time in thoughtful sadness, and at length walked slowly up to the window, where a bewildered fly was humming and buzzing about on the pane. She watched it lovingly for a long time, and then, almost too full of grief to talk plainly, she began to utter caressing words: "Doz ee fli know dat dod loves oo? Doz oo love dod?" Here she extended her hand fondly towards the insect, as if to stroke away the terror that she felt she had inspired. "Doz oo? Doz oo want to see dod? Well," in a tone of intense love and pity, at the same time putting her finger on the fly and softly crushing it against the glass, "Well, oo shall."

Pat's Stock.

Pat Donahue was "a broth of a boy" right from the "gem of the say," and he had a small contract on the Conway Railroad, in New Hampshire, in the year of grace 1855, in which he agreed to take his pay part in cash, part in bonds, and part in stock. The stock of this road, be it remembered (like many others), was not worth a "Continental," and has always kept up its value with remarkable uniformity. In due time Pat, having completed his job, presented himself at the treasurer's office for settlement. The money, the bonds, and the certificate of stock were soon in his possession.

"And what is this now?" said Pat, flourishing his certificate of stock, bearing the "broad seal" of the company.

"That is your stock, sir," blandly replied the treasurer.

"And is this what I'm to git for me labor? Wasn't me contract for the stock?"

"Why, certainly; that is your stock. What did you expect?"

"What did I expect!" said Pat, excitedly; "why, pigs and shape and horses, shure!"

OLD NICK.—When Nick Biddle was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro, named Harry, who used to be loafing around the premises. One day, in a social mood, Biddle said to the darkey—

"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"

"Harry, sir, ole Harry, sir," said the other, touching his sleepy hat.

"Old Harry," said Biddle; "why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

A HINT TO ANGLERS.

This is how Old Puffins (with the aid of a blow-tube) gets over the exertion of throwing a fly.

The Bewitched Donkey.

A young French gentleman, who led a very gay life, going to bed late and getting up late, lodged in an *entresol*. A milkwoman took up her position under his window, and the chattering of her customers, with the braying of her donkey, effectually destroyed his slumbers. In vain he remonstrated; the milkwoman said she had a right to the pavement, and that place suited her. He got up, went out, and reasoned with her. No good. What, then, would she take to select another station? Nothing; he was an aristocrat, and she made it a point of honor to stand upon her rights.

"Well, then," he said at last, "since you will not listen to reason, I must appeal to your donkey."

And he whispered in Neddy's ear, the crowd which had gathered round laughing at him till he ran in.

Presently, however, the donkey began to kick and plunge as if it were possessed, spilling all the milk, butter, cheese, &c. The woman cried out "Witchcraft!" and the crowd took up the cry; and there was such a riot that the police came.

"What is the matter?" asked the commissary.

"A young man who lives on the *entresol* has bewitched my donkey," replied the milkwoman.

"Pooh, pooh!" replied the commissary; but the woman would not be pooh-poohed, and he had to take her up to the gentleman's apartments, and confront him with the complainant.

She told her story at length; the young man waited patiently until she was quite done, and then said—

"Sir, this woman has spoiled my night's rest for this month past. I have complained, I have entreated; she has scorned my requests and my prayers. I could not revenge myself upon a woman; but her donkey, who is masculine, had no such claim upon my forbearance; besides, the peculiar cries of the animal are what is most distressing to me. This donkey, as avaricious as his mistress, has a sister upon whose succession he counted, but who is going to marry again; it was this news, whispered by me in his ear, which exasperated him to such a degree that he conducted himself in so violent a manner."

The commissary, who could hardly keep his countenance, said that the young man had better pay for the milk that was spilt, and advised the milkwoman to move her station beyond the reach of a man who had such a peculiar power of conversing with animals.

Both assented, and the woman took the money, crossed herself, and went.

"And now, then," said the commissary to the young man, "how did you do it?"

"I dropped a lighted fuse in the brute's ear," said he.

"Mr. Rogers, My Husband."

At a revival excitement in Connecticut, a respectable old lady was struck with conviction and became a convert, and was proposed for membership in the church. There was a meeting held for the examination of the candidates, of whom there were several in attendance.

"Well, my dear sister Rogers," said the examiner, addressing our venerable friend, "please relate your experience." The old lady, on being thus addressed, lifted up her voice.

"Well," she said, "I don't know what to say, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, before I came here; but I believe I have experienced a change, as I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, after I came home from the meeting, when I became convinced that I was the most sinful creature in the world, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers; and says he, 'I think so, too.' Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, I was going to lead a different life, was going to trim my lamp, and have it burning agin the bridegroom come. Then Mr. Rogers, my husband, said he didn't see what I wanted of another, but he didn't make no objection. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I would jine the church, and prepare myself for the place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; and my husband, Mr. Rogers, told me I'd better."

Must Have His Witness.

Dr. Merrit, Mayor of Oakland, Cal., tells a good story of Senator Stewart, of Nevada. He says he had occasion some years since to employ a lawyer in Virginia City, and consulted a friend, who advised him to employ Stewart. "Is he a man of ability?" asked the doctor. "Yes," replied his friend, "Stewart is an able man and a good lawyer, well read, and gives great care to his cases. He has a wonderful facility of analyzing a case, determining at once what is necessary to be provided, and what is not. Now, when you call upon Stewart he will ask you to state your case. You commence a recital, and he listens attentively. You make an assertion, and he stops you and asks if you have a witness to prove it. You have, and he tells you to go on. You state another point in your case, the importance of which he immediately detects, and again asks if you have a witness to prove it. You reply in the affirmative, and he bids you to proceed. You go still deeper in the case, until his quick perception detects another important point, and he asks, 'Have you a witness to prove it?' 'Well—no,' you reply. 'Have you no witness to prove that point?' asks Stewart. 'None,' you reply. 'Then,' says Stewart, emphatically, 'you must go right off and get him!'"

Buying Gloves in Gibraltar.

A very handsome young lady in the store offered me a pair of blue gloves. I did not want blue, but she said they would look very pretty on a hand like mine. The remark touched me tenderly. I glanced furtively at my hand, and somehow it did seem rather a comely member. I tried a glove on my left, and blushed a little. Manifestly the size was too small for me. But I felt gratified when she said:

"Oh, it is just right!" yet I know it was no such thing.

I tugged at it diligently, but it was discouraging work. She said:

"Ah! I see *you* are accustomed to wearing kid gloves—but some gentlemen are *so* awkward about putting them on."

It was the last compliment I had expected. I only understand putting on the buckskin article perfectly. I made another effort, and tore the glove from the base of the thumb into the palm of the hand—and tried to hide the rent. She kept up her compliments, and I kept up my determination to deserve them or die.

"Ah, you have had experience!" [A rip down the back of the hand.] "They are just right for you—your hand is very small—if they tear you need not pay for them." [A rent across the middle.] "I can always tell when a gentleman understands putting on kid gloves. There is a grace about it that only comes with long practice." [The whole after-guard of the glove "fetched away," as the sailors say, the fabric parted across the knuckles, and nothing was left but a melancholy ruin.]

I was too much flattered to make an exposure, and throw the merchandise on the angel's hands. I was hot, vexed, confused, but still happy; but I hated the other boys for taking such an absorbing interest in the proceedings. I wished they were in Jericho. I felt exquisitely mean when I said cheerfully—

"This one does very well; it fits elegantly. I like a glove that fits. No, never mind, ma'am, never mind. I'll put the other on in the street. It's warm here."

It was warm. It was the warmest place I ever was in. I paid the bill, and as I passed out with a fascinating bow, I thought I detected a light in the woman's eye that was gently ironical; and when I looked back from the street, and she was laughing all to herself about something or other, I said to myself with withering sarcasm, "Oh, certainly, you know how to put on kid gloves, don't you?—a self-complacent ass, ready to be flattered out of your senses by every petticoat that chooses to take the trouble to do it!"—*Mark Twain's Pilgrim's Progress.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Deodorizer.

The inquiry is often made by farmers, brewers, beef and pork packers, etc., regarding the best method of deodorizing and cleansing old cider and beer barrels, musty casks, bottles, etc. Chemistry furnishes an agent in the permanganate of potassa which fully meets this want. A pint of the permanganate turned into the most musty, filthy cider or beer casks and rinsed about a few moments will entirely decompose all fungoid growths and fermenting matter, and render the cask as sweet as those that are new. The deodorising, disinfecting power of the permanganate, holding, as it does, five equivalents of oxygen, is wonderful; it will even deodorize carbolic acid. The only way to remove immediately the odor of carbolic acid from the hands, is to immerse them in the liquid permanganate.

TO BREAK A HORSE OF PULLING AT THE HALTER.—Procure a small rope, (about three-fourth inch is best, although a strong bed-cord will answer,) put the middle of the rope under the horse's tail, as one would the crupper, cross the ropes on the back, bring the ends forward and tie so as to form the lower part of a breast collar. To hitch, put the halter-strap down through the ring, and tie to the rope collar.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Singular Sight.

In a certain locality of this city, there has been considerable complaint of late that cows have been milked by persons who had no right to milk them. Those who thought themselves imposed upon thereby began to look suspiciously upon certain of their neighbors, whose reputations consequently underwent a rapid decline. But a discovery was made this morning by one of the losers, which placed the characters of the suspected parties in a more favorable light. Soon after leaving home for his place of business, about four o'clock, his attention was attracted by noticing a large, fat hog engaged in sucking a cow, which was lying down. The bovine seemed to think the matter all right, and remained perfectly passive. The porcine soon transferred its patronage to another cow, which did not seem to relish the operation quite so much, and manifested its disapprobation by getting up and moving off. The hog then returned to cow No. 1, and resumed business with a grunt of evident satisfaction, only to be driven away, however, by the spectator.—*Muscatine Journal, July 5.*

To Rejuvenate Old Grape Vines.

The editor of the Practical Farmer says: "Having on our premises, planted by former owners, probably twenty years ago, half a dozen old grape vines with large weather beaten trunks or stems, which made annually but little new wood and yielded but very few poor grapes, two seasons ago we cut off the branches, and laid the main stems down in trenches, covering with about a foot of earth. Vigorous and healthy shoots sprung up in great abundance—the weak ones of which were broken off, and leading ones at proper distances trained to the arbor. The new growths are now clean, healthy and strong—sufficient entirely to cover the large arbor the present season; we look for bushels of fruit from the new bearing wood. We see old grape vines everywhere doing no good, and which could be made young and thrifty by this process."

BAG-HOLDER.—A very convenient arrangement for holding bags while filling them may be easily made as follows:—Take a piece of plank about twenty inches long and a foot wide, bevel off the sides a little, and nail strips of thin boards, that will spring, six or eight inches wide to it, for uprights. The plank base should be beveling enough to make the uprights about fifteen inches apart at the upper ends. The bag is placed between these, and the upper end folded over the ends of the shoulders two or three inches. It will be held firm and in a convenient position for filling. The uprights should be just long enough so that the bag will rest upon the plank when being filled.—*Ohio Farmer.*

DRIVING A YOUNG HORSE.—In teaching a young horse to drive well, do not hurry to see how fast he can trot. Keep each pace clear and distinct from the other; that is, in walking make him walk and do not allow him to trot. While trotting, be equally careful that he keeps steady at his pace, and do not allow him to slack into a walk. The reins while driving should be kept snug; and when pushed to the top of his speed, keep him well in hand that he may learn to bear well upon the bit, so that when going at a high rate of speed he can be held at his pace, but do not allow him to pull too hard, for it is not only unpleasant, but makes it often difficult to manage him.

DON'T GO TO EXTREMES.—Agricultural writers are inclined to run to extremes. Farmers often cure their hay too much, and to guard against this mistake, some writers urge us to put it into the barn before it is cured half as much as it ought to be. I have found, to my cost, that it is not safe to follow their recommendations. Better dry it too much than not dry it enough. And so in cutting grain. There is undoubtedly a loss in letting it get dead ripe. But there is a still greater loss in cutting it before the grain becomes firm.—*Prof. Joseph Harris.*

HOW TO REMOVE OLD PUTTY.—Those who have plant-houses, frames, &c., know how difficult it is to remove old putty from sashes without injuring the sash. I have seen it stated in some journal that it could be removed very easily by applying a hot iron to it. I tried the experiment a few days ago for the first time, and was quite surprised to find how easily the most indurate old putty could be cut out after being well warmed up by the application of a red-hot iron. Try it.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

RECEIPTS.

HERMETICALLY-SEALED CORN.—This is extremely difficult to put up; it cannot be done unless the corn is perfectly fresh, and even then it often fails. It is necessary to boil it, to destroy its fermenting properties. Split the kernels, cut it from the cob, add water, and boil half an hour; then fill the cans within one inch of the top; solder on the caps while hot; test the cans; make a small hole in the top with an awl; place them in the bath, and let the cans boil three-fourths of an hour; and stop the hole with solder while in the bath. If perfect, the cans will be drawn in at the end; if swollen, they cannot be saved. The same may be said of peas, asparagus, beans, and pumpkin. All cans should be marked. As convenient a method as any is to write with a sharp-pointed stick dipped in rain water in which a little nitrate of silver is dissolved.

TO DRY SWEET CORN FOR WINTER USE.—Boil, in the after part of the day, until it is heated through, young sweet corn freshly gathered; spread it thinly in some convenient place until morning. As soon as possible the next morning, cut it from the cobs and spread it thinly in the sun to dry. If the day is favorable, it will dry so as to be out of danger of souring in one day; if so, take in the corn before the dew falls, and spread it on a table overnight. If, on the contrary, it has dried but little and there is no danger of rain, it will be less likely to sour if left spread in the air all night, than if spread in a close room. It will take three hot, sunny days to dry perfectly, when it must be put in a dry tin pan and heated very hot over steam, to destroy any insects' eggs which may have been laid in it. Hang it away, out of the reach of mice, in strong paper bags.

CORN OYSTERS.—Grate the corn; to every pint take three well beaten eggs, sufficient flour to make the corn hold together in the shape of fried oysters. Season with pepper and salt, and brown on a griddle until cooked through; serve with butter. They must be quite flat, or they will not get thoroughly cooked.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 109 letters.
My 1, 28, 7, 32, 15, 81, 33, 43, is a bird.
My 2, 8, 105, 70, 39, 29, 11, is a tree.
My 4, 14, 50, 71, 61, 106, 18, 63, 44, 20 is a mineral.
My 5, 12, 89, 26, 38, 17, is an animal.
My 19, 27, 3, 46, 36, 49, 56, 98, 73, 88, is a flower.
My 34, 62, 81, 21, 41, 16, 10, 13, is a fish.
My 41, 33, 91, 109, 65, 51, 70, 45, 76, 25, 102, 8, 60, 74, is a bird.
My 48, 61, 84, 94, 100, 97, 54, 41, is an animal.
My 55, 63, 43, 82, 90, 58, 40, 79, 37 is a bird.
My 66, 59, 25, 70, 83, 64, 39, 41, 47, 59, is a flower.
My 70, 87, 28, 13, 79, 72, 67, 31, 108, 50, 99, 85, 104, 95, is an ornamental plant.
My 78, 22, 53, 9, 30, 6, 35, 24, is an animal.
My 90, 43, 101, 93, 103, 21, 52, 77, 71, 6, 106, 86, is a flower.
My 102, 96, 60, 40, 12, 79, 63, 46, 91, 77, 75, is a bird.
My 106, 89, 60, 107, 29, 92, 70, 98, 17, 57, is an animal.
My whole is a poetical quotation.
Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Rebus.

A country in Europe.
A range of mountains in Asia.
A city in Scotland.
A city in South America.
A city in India.
A range of mountains in Europe.
A city in Asia.
A river in Asia.
A town in Massachusetts.
One of the states.
A cape south of Greenland.
A large island.
A city in California.
A country in Asia.
A city in Michigan.
A river in Asia.
A river in Europe.
A river in Idaho.
A city in Africa.
A city in Persia.
My initials form the title of an interesting book. CHRISTINE.

Arithmetical Problem.

An old gentleman unskilled in numbers left his fortune at his death to his four sons, directing in his will that A should have ½, B ⅓, C 1-5, and D 1-6. Before the money was divided, B died. What *part* of the whole should A, C, and D each receive?
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A person bought a lot of cattle for $180. After reserving two of them, he sold the rest for the same sum, $180. Now he found that he had gained on each, one-third more per cent. than the cost of each. How many did he buy? W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

How many dissimilar right angled triangles, having integral sides, can be constructed on a hypothenuse whose length is 1105?
J. SCOTT.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why was Charles I. like the letter D trying in vain to solve an enigma? Ans.—Because he was de-posed, (D posed.)
☞ What medicine does a bad man take when he has a cross wife? Ans.—Elixir.
☞ What kind of a back is much better than a stiff back? Ans.—A greenback.
☞ When is a newspaper the sharpest? Ans.—When it is filed.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Learning to the studious, riches to the careful, power to the bold, and Heaven to the virtuous." RIDDLE—"The Red Court Farm."

GREEN CORN.—This is excellent cut off the cob and stewed fifteen or twenty minutes with a little milk and butter. In boiling corn much of the sweetness is lost in the water.

STEWED LEG OR NECK OF LAMB.—Dredge the joint with flour, and put it into a stewpan with half a pound of butter, some parsley, and a little salt and pepper; stew all together very gently for an hour. Choose some lettuces with good hearts and cut them into small pieces; put them into the stewpan with a little sorrel, and let them remain another hour, still stewing very gently. Dish the joint, and add to the liquor in the stewpan half a pint of water. Give it a boil up, pour it over the joint, and serve. This is a French mode of dressing lamb, and is generally approved.

ROAST LEG OF MUTTON.—This is greatly improved by putting into a pot of boiling water, with some salt, and cooking for an hour before setting in the pan to roast. A second hour in the oven, basted every ten minutes with the liquor from the pot, will render it perfect. The remainder of the liquor makes an excellent foundation for soup.

MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One large cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, four of flour, five eggs—the whites and yelks beaten separately, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one of saleratus dissolved in one cup of milk.

SUNBURN.—Sunburn and freckles may be prevented and removed by the daily application of a slight acid to the skin, such as weak citric acid and water, not quite so strong to the taste as lemon juice. Let it be washed on, and then allowed to dry in the air. It may safely be applied two or three times a day.

Butter-milk with tansy is good to remove sunburn. Take ½ pint butter-milk, three or four large sprigs of tansy, let them soak in it an hour or two, cutting or bruising the thick stalks to allow the sap to run into the milk; before retiring to rest wash the face, neck, and hands with the butter milk, using the tansy as a sponge to apply it. It must dry on the skin, and not be washed off till the next morning. The milk will keep good two or three days, and is more effectual when rather sour. I have seen a recipe for the same purpose composed of two spoonfuls of lemon juice to one of gin, to be applied several times a day.